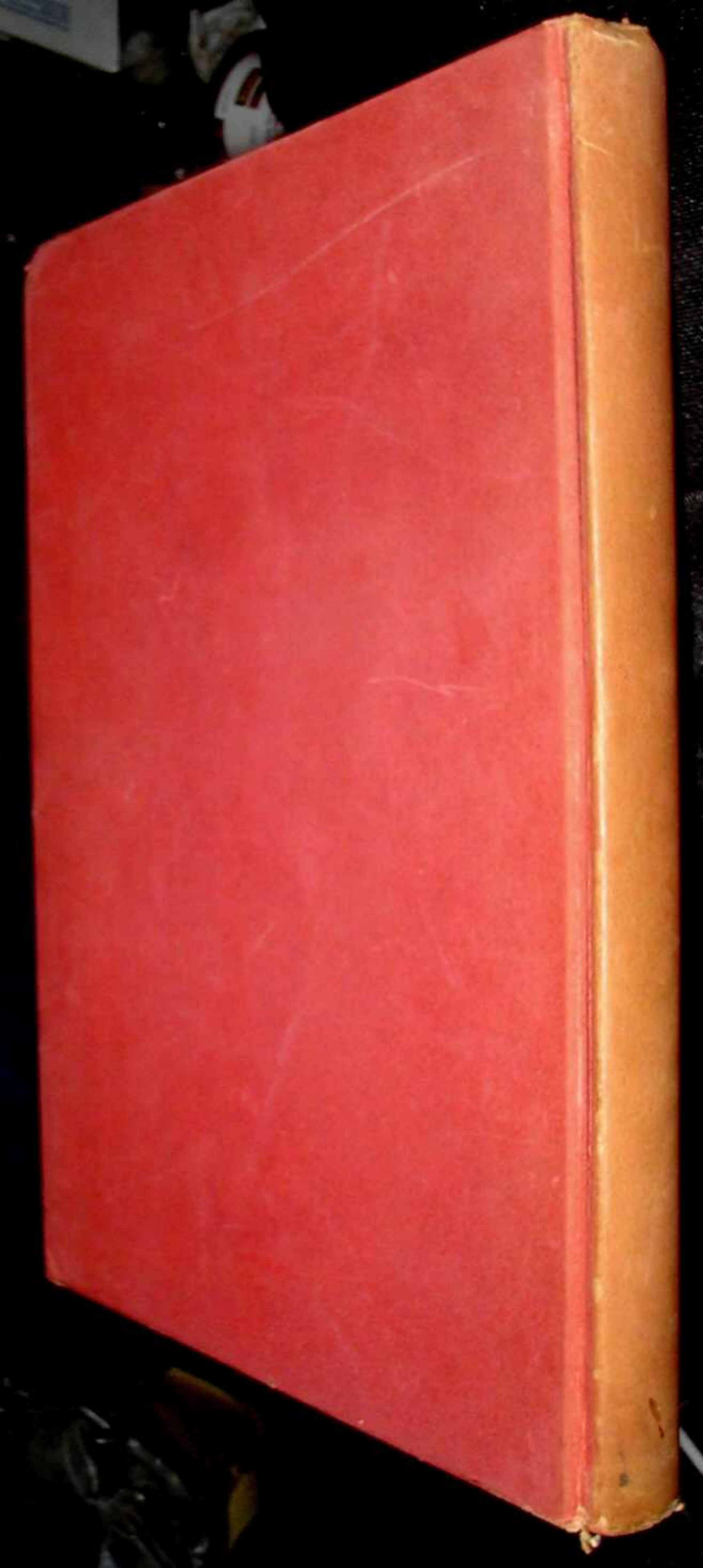
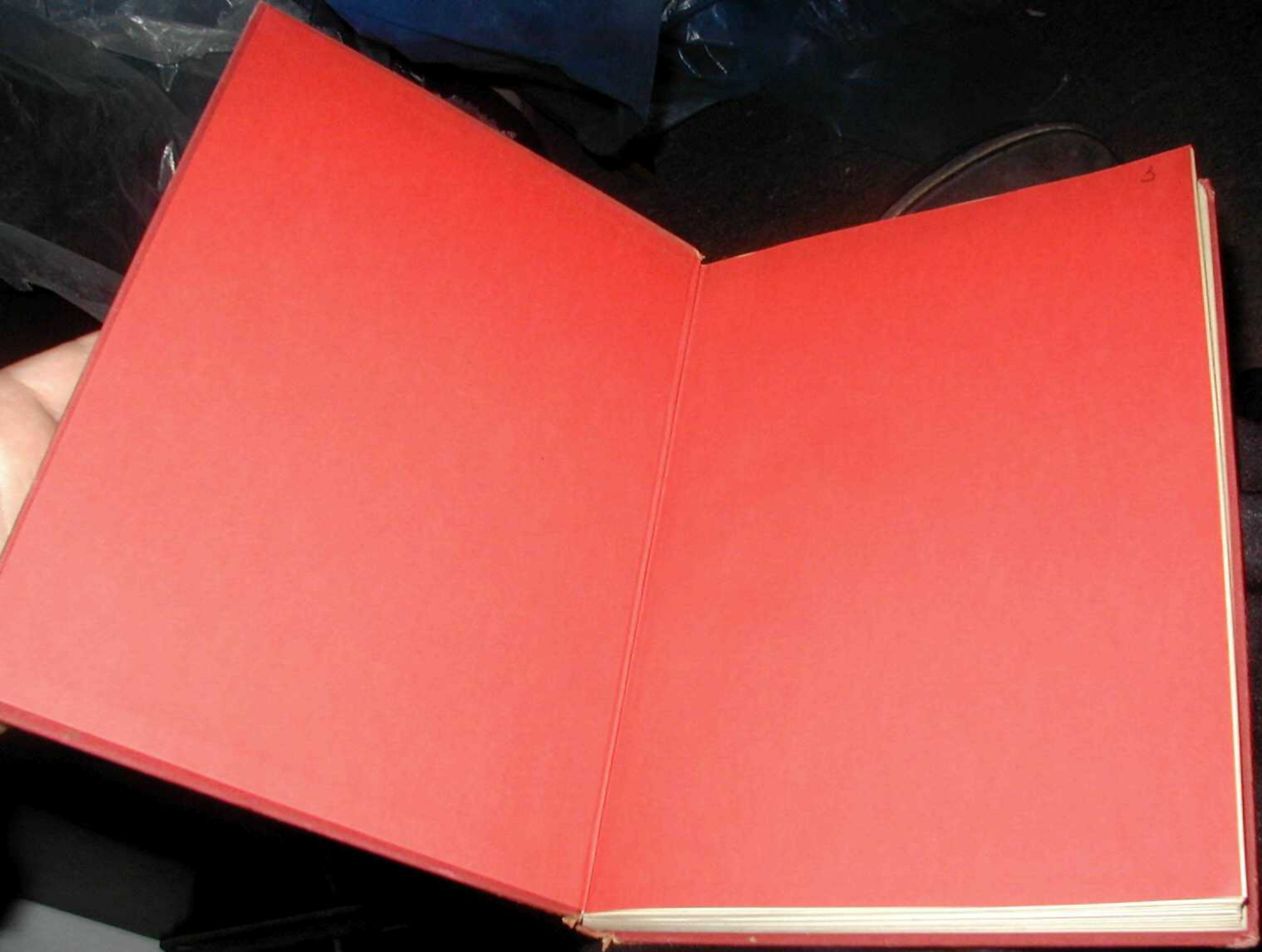


WRECK'S



"WRECKS"



THE
"WRECKS"



AN ANTHOLOGY OF RIBALD VERSE
COLLECTED AT

RENO



PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

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OF WHICH THIS IS NO. 29

To Our Subscribers

A great number of volumes on Folk Songs, parody and verse give only expurgated and rather weak versions of the original rhymes. Obviously the collectors of this volume have no quarrels with the sources of origin, and are indifferent to the niceties of convention. We have merely compiled this work from a great mass of material with an effort to show that, in spite of the changes in grammatical construction, colloquialism and slang, in the past two hundred years at least, the motives of the ribald songs of red-blooded men have changed but little, if any.

In presenting this volume, the compilers have attempted to select from the files of the "Wrecks Club" the better known songs and verse so that in their publication many of these previously unpublished works may be preserved in their present form for all time. With each transcription of erotic songs and verse, it is understandable that changes always creep in—changes minute at first, but with each rendition wandering further and further away from the original version and we merely present these in the forms that have been given to us.

THE RENO "WRECKS"

A TOAST TO A LADY

Don't think of the Toast of the Table,
That "An Oath is as long as a Kiss";
For I'll love you as long as I'm able,
No man should swear for more than this,
With you I would leave the impression,
That, not to be blessed while we can,
Is really the darkest transgression,
That can happen 'twixt woman and man;
So don't think by your coldness and scorning,
To seem more angelic and bright;
Be an angel, my dear, in the morning,
But, oh God! be a WOMAN tonight!



PUNISHMENT

It seems it's been told by the Friars,
That wish and the crime be one,
And that Heaven punishes desires,
As much as if the deed be done,
Then if wishing damns us, you and I
Are damned to our hearts' content;
Come, then, let's enjoy at least,
Some Pleasure for our Punishment.



FINALE

Some drink to the health of their mother
Some to an actress fair,
But here's to you, sweetheart;
May you never know a care.

Virtue's a blessing, I grant you,
A blessing possessed by few;
But never go out with a bunch like this
Unless you expect to "come through."

WOULD YOU?

If in this world there were but two,
And all the world were good and true,
And if you knew that no one else knew,
Would you?

If you had dreamed of pajamas blue
And a strange arm encircling you,
And then awoke and found it true,
Would you?

If all the world were good and bright,
And if I stayed with you all night,
Then if I turned out every light,
Would you?

If I were in a certain place
~~And we were~~ sleeping face to face,
With naught between us but some lace,
Would you say good night?



PHILOSOPHY

So, in the course of our wanderings,
 When two souls seem to melt into one,
Oh, why do we question with Nature,
 And why do we quarrel with Life?
So why not accept what is given,
 And why mingle joy with strife?
What does the world's thinking matter?
 Conventions are petty, infirnal,
Mere echoes of what men don't know,
 Which constantly change as men grow;
But the laws of life and of living,
 Began at the very beginning,
And how can obeying be sinning?
 Obeying the great laws of living?

MY NEEDS

And some may worship a movie
Or a lofty, pedigreed dame;
And write her sonnets from afar,
Woven 'round her name;
But my needs are simple—
All that I seek
Is a maid that is willing
And warm and weak.



THE TOAST OF ONE

One little step won't take you anywhere,
You've got to keep on walking;
One little word won't say anything,
You've got to keep on talking,
One little thought won't make you think,
You've got to keep on thinking;
One little drink won't make you drunk,
You've got to keep on drinking.



TO THE MEN

Here's to the men!
When I meet 'em, I like 'em,
When I like 'em, I kiss 'em,
When I kiss 'em, I love 'em,
When I love 'em, I let 'em,
When I let 'em, I lose 'em,
God damn 'em!

FOGGY DEW

Now, I am a bachelor, and I live by myself,
And I work at the weaver's trade;
And the only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to ruin a fair young maid.

Oh, I wooed her in the summer time,
And part of the winter time, too;
But the only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night this maid came to my bedside,
Where I lay fast asleep;
She laid her head upon my bed
And there she began to weep.

She sighed, she cried, she darned near died,
She said, "What shall I do?"
So I took her into bed, and I covered up her head,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now, I'm a bachelor and I live with my son,
And I work at the weaver's trade;
And every time that I look into his face,
He reminds me of that maid.

Reminds me of the summer time,
And part of the winter time, too,
And the many, many times that I took her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.



THE LEAVES AND ME

The little leaves fall
And so do I,
For the self-same reason,
We're very dry,
The only difference
'Tween the leaves and me,
Is that I fall harder,
And more frequently.

HERE'S TO YOU, LITTLE GIRL

Here's to you, Little Girl,
Wishing you were a toy
And I a child;
Then I'd take you and break you,
And then no one else
In this wide, wide world
Would want you,
And you'd be mine, all mine.



NOAH'S ARK

When I was a little lad,
Once a Noah's Ark I had,
And Noah and his wife
Lived a quiet, peaceful life;
Wooden pegs
Were Noah's legs,
No legs at all had Missus N,
She was round
Right from the ground,
And I kept thinking then
All women were built that way;
But, *I've found out different,*
I'm glad to say.



ONE DRINK

One drink, and I'm yours;
Two drinks and I'm anybody's;
Three drinks, and then
Away goes Mother's good advice.

LITTLE BUT NICE

A little kiss, a little smile,
A handclasp every little while;
 A little whisper in the ear
 That no one else may ever hear;
A little pressure of the foot
Upon your snugly buttoned boot;
 A scribbled note, a little date
 To meet you when the hour is late.
A little room in some hotel,
A little promise not to tell;
 A little dinner just for two,
 A little drink when we are through;
A little fussing in a chair,
A little mussing of the hair;
 A little bathroom all in white,
 A little turning down the light;
A little shirtwaist laid aside,
A little bust that tries to hide;
 A little skirt laid on a chair,
 A little suit of underwear
That comes off with a little teasing,
And shows a little form most pleasing;
 A little blush, a little sigh,
 A little promise, bye and bye;
A little bed of shining brass,
A little turning off the gas;
 A little nightrobe, mostly lace,
 More kisses, and a tight embrace;
A little wrestling in the gloom,
A deep sigh, and a quiet room,
 A little pair of hearts that beat,
 A little effort to repeat;
A little towel, maybe two,
A little snuggling up to you;
 A little sleep 'til half past four,
 A little teasing for some some;
A little fussing while we dress,
A cigarette and a caress;
 A little bill, a little tip,
 A little parting at the lip;
A little stealing down the stair,
A little secret we can share;
 A little weariness next day
 As little children after play;
A little wish that you and I
May have another bye and bye.

DRIVING RULES

If she has not been driven before
 See that her inlet valves are greased;
Feel her crank and feel her shaft; be sure
 Her toggle-joint and tail-light are fit.
When she begins to warm, pull up her hood,
 Then you turn her over several times
And work the piston rods slowly but good
 Against the het-up cylinder head.
Now, carefully start on the lowest speed,
 But when you fell her vibrations begin,
And you feel her clutch take hold with greed,
 Open her up and drive it all in.
If she starts to shoot in her muffler
 Watch her transmission or her carburetor'll flood
And thus in trouble get her governor;
 And when she begins to boil over the hood,
Put on your brakes—then throw out your clutch,
 And wash her radiator out with water;
Pull down her hood—be careful with your touch—
 And chances are you'll have no trouble with her.
If some stranger has been running her
 And has got her all het up and soiled,
Be careful not to touch her radiator,
 For you are more than liable to get burnt.



ADAM AND EVE

Eve wore no undies, neither did Adam,
Didn't have nighties, nobody had'em,
Never said No—nobody did;
Don't let Eden have it on us, old kid.

SHE WAS POOR

She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a rich man's game,
For she met the village squire,
And she lost her maiden name.

CHORUS:

*It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor what gets the blame;
It's the rich what gets the pleasure,
Ain't it all a bloody shame?*

So hastened up to London,
For to hide her grief and shame,
There she met a gay young captain,
And she lost her name again.

(CHORUS)

See him riding in his carriage,
Past the gutter where she stands,
He has made a stylish marriage,
While she wrings her ringless hands.

(CHORUS)

See him laugh in the theayter,
In the front row with the best;
While the girl that he has ruined,
Entertains a sordid guest.

(CHORUS)

Then she hastened down to Dover,
There to have her child of sin,
And as the baby had no father;
Why, she gently did it in.

(CHORUS)

In a little country village
Where her aged parents live,
Tho they drink champagne she sends them,
Yet they never can forgive.

(CHORUS)

Now she stands upon a corner,
Selling flowers to a gent;
She's grown fat around her middle
And her golden locks has went.

(CHORUS)

HERE'S TO WOMEN

Here's to the women we've loved,
And here's to those that we couldn't;
Here's to the girls we'd like to have caught
But some other guy got, so she wouldn't.

And so

Here's to the women who pleased us,
Here's to those who would vex;
To the sad ones, the glad ones,
The bad ones, the mad ones—
Here's to the whole damn SEX.



THE PIG GOT UP

How well do I remember, it was lat in November,
I was walking down the street quite full of pride;
My heart was all aflutter as I slipped down in the gutter,
And a pig came there and lay down by my side;
And as I lay there in the gutter, all too soused to mutter,
A lady passing by was heard to say:
"One may tell the brute that boozes by the company he chooses";
Hearing this the pig got up and walked away.



DID YOU EVER

Did you ever get discouraged,
And a little out of sorts,
No more kick in the booze
And you're weary with indoor sports;
Somehow there seems to be
Something you have missed:
The memory of some little girl
That once you might have kissed?
Anyway, the whole damn world
Seems mighty cruel and cold;
But there's nothing wrong, old dear—
You're only getting old.

HOT LOVE

When you sit by the fire and hold her soft hands,
While the perspiration pours from your old sweat-glands,
And the sparks from the grate, darting to and fro,
Land on your face and neck and you think it's snow;
And your knees feel numb and your lips are dry,
And your spine has a chill, but you don't know why;
And your heart beats faster and your breath comes in pants,
And you feel like your sitting on a hill of ants;
And you think of things that you do not say,
And your neck gets stiff from sitting that way,
And your hands get sticky but she won't let go,
'Cause she's wise to a lot that she does not show,
And you can't move your feet and your old head hurts—
You think you're in love, but you're Nertz, boy, Nertz!



CAN'T CROW

There's nothing more distressing,
And nothing more depressing,
Than to think of all you've seen and all you know;
When you're out with real live chickens,
There is nothing that so sickens,
As to cackle when you really want to CROW.



KITTENS

Gather kittens while you may,
For time brings only sorrow,
And the kittens of today,
May be old cats tomorrow.

CAVIAR

Caviar comes from virgin sturgeon,
Virgin Sturgeons a very fine fish;
Virgin sturgeon need no urgin'—
That's why caviar is my dish.



POLLYWOGS

In the Spring a bullfrog's fancy
Lightly turns to getting out;
For the spring is cold and lonely
And he wants to look about;
So he leaves the spring and wanders
Out among the slimy bogs,
And that's the reason, little children,
There's so many pollywoogs.



FISHES

Two little fishes, down in the ocean,
Chased each other, with great commotion,
Said one little fish
To the other little fish,
"I won't, 'less I take a notion."



WHAT GUTTERS ARE FOR

All her hopes and aspirations
Went crumbling to the dust,
She took a great big shot of gin
Just because he said she must.
Mother save your daughter,
She is crying for some more;
She might fall into the gutter—
But what are the gutters for?

YOUR RADIATOR'S BUSTED

Your radiator's bursted,
And your dustpan's on the bum;
Your gearshift's dry and rusted,
And you cannot go or come.

Your four-wheel brakes have lost their grip
As anyone can tell—
Your clutch is loose and bound to slip;
Your rear-end's shot to hell.

Your sparkplugs fail to get the juice,
Your lights are on the bum,
Your rear-wheel lugs are mighty loose;
You've sure been going some.

Your windshield's broke, your starter's stuck,
Your rear-end lights won't burn;
In fact, old top, you're out of luck
And hardly worth a durn.

I'll get some parts I know you need:
Some monkey glands and such,
But you must cut down on your speed,
And not go out so much.

For your rambling days, old top,
Are over now, and past.
It's not because you ran the race,
It's 'cause you ran too fast!



FLIRTING

Somewhere she's flirting with someone,
Someone you never knew,
Sighing the same old sweet story,
Just as she used to with you;
Somewhere the moonlight so dreamy,
Smiles down on the same little game,
Somewhere she's flirting with someone,
And knows you are doing the same.

RINGS ON MY FINGERS

A Parody

Rings on her fingers,
Where she got 'em, no one knows,
Rings in her ears,
From the same place, I suppose;
The ring in her voice
She knows I idolize;
But the only rings I gave her
Were the rings under her eyes.



FROM ONE 'TIL TWO

A Parody

From one 'til two we'll get a little stew,
And you'll put your loving arms around me;
From two 'til four we'll drink a little more;
Your knowing little style will keep me happy all the while.
From five 'til nine, that is loving time,
And I just can't wait 'til I'm with you.
Then from nine until eleven, I should be up in heaven—
But I'm fini, ALL THRU.



MARCHETA

A Parody

Mosquito, Mosquito,
I feel you upon me,
You're biting me everywhere;
Each time that you sting me
Sensations you bring me,
You bite, but you don't seem to care;
My carcass I'm scratching
While eggs you are hatching
To bring new disturbers to town.
You don't hurt, Mosquito,
When you light upon me,
But, oh baby, when you sit down!

LIMERICKS

The thoughts of rabbits on sex
Are practical and never complex;
A rabbit in need
Is a rabbit indeed,
And his actions are what one expects.



There was a young lady name Eva,
Who filled up the bath to receive'a;
She took off her clothes
From head to her toes,
When a voice at the keyhole yelled "Beaver."



There was a EWE in his outfit,
A contrary creature she were;
She'd bleat half the night
If she wasn't treated right,
But "He learned about women from her."



A young miss was engaged to a tailor,
But went out one night with a sailor;
"Oi, oi," said her Ma,
"Oi, oi," said her Pa,
"It's too late, but I'll soitanly whale 'er."



There was a young lady of Chester,
Whose ways made the women detest her;
"But that'e really not so,
With the men that you know,"
Said the blushing old priest that confessed her.



There was a young man from New York,
Whose morals were as tight as a cork;
He said "Oh, my dear!
It's no chicken I fear—
But gosh, I'm afraid of a stork!"

BUT I SHALL GO TO YOU

The church and state may join, and tell
Just what I may not do;
The church and state can go to hell,
But I shall go to you.



ALWAYS

A Parody

Love will not be blind, always;
The girls will not be kind, always;
When "something" you've planned,
Needs a "helping hand,"
She won't understand, always—always.

You may crave them fair, always;
But you can't be "there" always;
So you'd better take your fun
Before your race is run,
For soon you will be done—ALL WAYS!



I WONDER WHERE MY BABY IS TONIGHT

A Parody

I wonder what the wife will want tonight,
I wonder if my wife will fuss and fight,
I wonder, can she tell
That I've been raising hell,
I wonder if she'll know I'm getting tight?

My wife is just as sweet as sweet can be,
But I hope she doesn't feel too sweet towards me,
'Cause an afternoon of joy
Is hell on the old boy,
So I wonder what the wife will want tonight.

ANGIE

Now Johnny was a sport,
Just as sporty as could be,
And he was very much in love,
In love with his Angie.

She surely was a corker
And believe me she could go,
And she was strong for sailors,
She wasn't a bit slow.

She had a pretty body,
And she was plenty fast;
That's what Johnny wanted,
He was strong for class.

And Angie was well known,
She rode everyone in town;
And she was just as safe to ride
As anything around.

One night while Johnny was asleep
He heard an awful squeak,
To his surprise he found
She'd sprung an awful leak.

He quickly got on Angie,
And he plugged the hole up tight,
And he rode her with a wet deck
All throughout that night.

Next day she came around
And landed near the shore,
And Johnny needed sleep,
For he did want no more.

He had had enough of Angie,
So he sold her next day;
Now the Japs are using Johnny's boat
For fishing in the bay.

REEL LOVE

There's the wonderful love of a beautiful maid,
And the love of a staunch, true man,
And the wonderful love of those unafraid,
Battling life as they can;
The wonderful love of the little ones,
Still greater the love of a mother,
But the greatest love is that greater love
Of one dead-drunk for another.



LIVERY STABLE

In a quaint New England village,
On a drear October night,
A livery-stable keeper met
A maiden whose troth he'd plight.

Now he was tall and handsome
In a sheiky sort of way,
And she—oh, my—was quite a queen,
She was so blithe and gay.

The livery-stable keeper,
He asked her for her hand;
Attempted to embrace her,
But for this she would not stand.

“Oh, why upon my manly breast,
Will you not lay your head?”
She looked into his whiskered face
And this is what she said:

“My love works in a greenhouse,
And there always is a smell
Of violets and geraniums
Upon his coat lapel.

“Now mind, I do not blame you,
Nor do I make complaint;
But a greenhouse has a perfume
That a livery stable *haint*.

DON'T

Don't misconstrue a man's intent,
For, not good, but want, is reason;
And fish at a feast, and flesh at Lent
Are never out of season.



THE MAN THAT HAS

The man that has a handsome wife
And guards her as a treasure,
It is my greatest joy in life
To have her for my pleasure.

But if that man regardless were,
As though he cared not for her,
Though she might be a Venus fair
I know I would abhor her.

If to do good I were restrained
And to do evil bidden,
I would be Puritan, I swear,
For I love the thing forbidden.

It is the "care" that makes the theft,
None loves the "thing" forsaken;
For the bold and willing whore is left
When the modest dame is taken.



THE FLUTE

The flute is good that's made of wood,
And perhaps it is the neatest;
But, dear girls, you must confess,
The silent flute's the sweetest.

SHE'S FUNNY THAT WAY

A Parody

What's the matter with this country,
Are we in a rut?
Seems to me that we must be
Completely off our nut.
Girlies with their habits and other habits too,
Some boys sing high soprano,
But here's one that's new:

CHORUS:

He don't care for women, he don't care for girls;
He dreams of himself in ribbons and pearls;
Let's his hair grow and does it in curls—

He's funny that way.

He don't care for football, don't care for games,
And not for rough boys that call him harsh names;
But he has his boy-friends, as everyone claims

He's funny that way.

He goes to pajama parties 'most every night,
And the sight of rats and mice give him a fright;
He wears pink chemises and teddies and such,
And he has a skin that you'd love to touch;
But he never gets tired from bending too much—

He's funny that way.



FIVE AND TEN-CENT STORE

A Parody

One day I walked into a phone booth,
I saw a number on the wall,
And as I was feelin' kinda lonesome
I thought that I would make a call;
So I jumped into a Yellow taxi
And knocked on her apartment door;
She was a little China baby,
And stood about five-foot-four;
She was selling China,
And 'til the break of dawn,
I kept buying China
'Til all my dough was gone; and incidentally,
If you should walk into a phone booth,
And see this number on the door,
Don't call this little China baby—
It's not a five and ten-cent store!

SOME HESITATION BLUES



Did you ever hear
About my brother Paddy?
He made a deaf and dumb gal
Yell "Oh! Daddy!"



I'm just as good
As I can be
'Til old Mother Nature
Gets pickin' on me.



I'm goin' way down south
Where it's nice and hot,
'Cause up here north
It freezes everything I got.



Ice's got to be cracked
Before it will tinkle;
No matter how young the prune
It's always wrinkled.



Three women to every man,
But the hardest thing to do
Is to convince your wife
She's cheating the other two.



When you ask some gals
On Judgment Day,
Who really was their husband?
They won't know what to say.

OUT AT WAIKIKI

Out at Waikiki by the sobbing sea,
In a district rather sporty,
In a banyan's shade lived a virgin maid
Who was just this side of forty.

She did not go to a movie show,
For she had no one to take her;
And she did not stray from the narrow way,
Because nobody tried to make her.

But I wish to state that a just that date
She was Waikiki's one virgin,
Though some were sure that the girl was pure
Because she'd had no urgin'.

But a dirty cat in a nearby flat,
Whose morals were quite elastic,
Laid a low-lived plan to ruin Anne,
With methods sly but drastic.

She stopped one day in a casual way
To ask about Anne's Persian;
Then said, "Oh, look at this lovely book;
It's a new, uncensored version,

Of Vermilion Sin by Helliner Grynn;
I'm sure you'll find it stirring."
With a knowing look she left the book,
Despite Anne's chaste demurring.

In a wicker chair, all unaware
Of her neighbor's wicked scheming,
Anne took a look through the borrowed book,
And it set her wildly dreaming.

Each gilded sin that Helliner Grynn
Described with skill uncanny,
Stirred a strange unrest in the withered breast
Of simple virgin Annie.

With a vision clear, she saw how drear
Was the virtue she'd been shielding,
And she longed for the charms of a lover's arms,
And the joys of weakly yielding.

In wild despair she tore her hair,
Then cried to the stars above her:
"I'll end my state of a celibate,
I'll get me a hard-boiled lover."

With frantic wail, she cleared the rail
Of the porch with a leap gazellish,
And headed straight for her neighbor's gate
And the light in her eyes was hellish.

"I'll steal her rouge and her high-heel shoes—
The ones she wears on Mondays;
And I think I'll get her pink georgette
And silk embroidered undies."

Before her glass, this aged lass
Sat down—it was really tragic—
And you would have cried as the virgin tried
To work a vampire's magic.

It was half-past ten when she left her den,
Feeling wild and very flighty,
As she boldly strode down Kalia Road
In her filmy chiffon nightie.

Underneath a tree at Waikiki
Was a sailor drinking madly,
It was rotten gin and it scorched his chin,
But he needed cheering badly.

For he was blue, and gin he knew
Would cheer his disposition.
Then he raised his eyes and to his surprise
Saw a lovely apparition.

"My gob, my gob!" he heard her sob,
 "My hero, my adorer."
It was Annie there, and her frenzied stare
 Quite startled the man before her.

He jumped to his feet for a quick retreat,
 But Anne, with a gesture quicker
Than a bullet's hum, seized the bottle of rum
 And drank the remaining liquor.

"Well, strike me pink," said the gob, "I think
 This jane is drunk or dippy;
But she looks all there, and I don't care
 If her figure is too hippy."

So he caught the maid as she dizzily swayed
 To his arms, and he quickly kissed her;
And he heard her moan like a saxophone
 As the first kiss raised a blister.

Oh, I can't write of that hectic night,
 My description would be pallid;
And, anyway, the things I'd say
 Don't belong to a proper ballad.

But the papers say that next morning late
 On a beach by the broad Pacific,
They found Anne dead, but the papers said
 That her smile was beatific.



BOTTOMS UP!

Then let us rise
 And drain the cup;
Here's to the ladies:
 BOTTOMS up!

HOT PEANUTS

Henry Lee, from Tennessee,
Was nothing but a business man
And at business he was grand;
He bought himself a peanut stand;
Henry Lee was every wise,
One of those guys that loves to advertise,
So when you'd pass him by,
You'd hear Henry cry:

Hot nuts, hot nuts,
Does anybody here want hot nuts?
Hot nuts, hot nuts,
I'm telling you, they're grand;
Go get them hot, the way you should,
'Cause we all know, cold nuts are no good,
Hot nuts, hot nuts,
Go get them from the peanut man.

Hot nut, hot nuts,
I'm telling you they're grand;
Go get them from the peanut man,
'Cause that's what makes the peanut stand.
You ask me why the whistle blew;
If you had hot nuts you'd whistle too;
Hot nuts, hot nuts,
Go get them from the peanut man.



IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

A Parody

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
A city girl was milking a cow
And she thought her job divine;
When along the lane came a country sap
And said you're making a mistake,
For the cow that you are milking, dear,
Is one that we call Jake.

THE SHIP SONG

Columbus was a hero brave and bold,
So history has us told,
His greatness to uphold;
He went to Isabella, as we all have read,
But the paragraph
That made me laugh
Was when the queen to him said:

CHORUS:

Now if you're fearless and brave
And adventure you crave,
Why go take a SHIP for yourself;
And if some foreign shore
You want to explore,
Go take a SHIP for yourself.
He went to the queen, and said "I need more,"
She said, "How many?" He said, "Three or four."
But the queen only laughed
And said "That's a whole lot of CRAFT;
You can go take a SHIP for yourself."



THE BEE

'Twas a sunny morn in June,
The bee had puts his pipes atune,
And buzzed his way across the field.
And while the birds their love-songs spieled.
He buzzed and ate full many an hour;
Then he crawled into a flower
And curled himself up for a nap,
The same as any drowsy chap.
A cow came browsing through the moor,
And toward the little flowerlet bore,
And not knowing the bee was there
She put it on her bill-of-fare.
Then, rudely wakened from his doze,
His Beeship's fiery temper rose—
"Old cow," he said, "I'll sting you deep
When I have finished with my sleep."
So cuddled in his darksome den
And soon he went to sleep again.
He slumbered on 'til early dawn,
But, when he awoke, the cow was gone!

MORAL OF THE CAT

Our black cat sat on a streetcar track,
Just slightly outside the rail,
When along came the big streetcar
And cut off the end of his tail.

With tears in his eyes, he mourned his loss,
His head was heavy as lead;
Along came another streetcar just then
And ran right over his head.

Let the fate of the poor cat be a moral to you
As you travel over life's rugged trail;
Don't be like the cat in the story—
Lose your head over a little piece of tail.



PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BUSTLE

Put on your old grey bustle
And get out and hustle,
For the rent is coming due;
Make a play for twenty,
Remember ten is plenty;
And if you can't get five
Take two.



THE PRESS AND THE PULPIT

Here's to the Press,
The Pulpit and the Petticoats,
The three ruling powers of the day:
The first spreads knowledge;
The second spreads morals,
And the third spreads
Over a multitude of sins.

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN

It started in the Garden of Eden,
Where poor Adam tried,
In his ignorance of women,
To keep Eve satisfied.

He'd struggle through the brambles
And shin the thorny trees
To get the choicest fruit for her,
But never seemed to please.

He'd stagger homeward with his prize,
As tired as could be,
To see his honey, with a snake,
Beneath the apple tree.

And straining for an apple
That was almost out of reach,
Without a glance for Adam,
Though Adam had a peach.

When hunger came upon them
Adam had to hustle grub,
And here again, Eve ne'er missed
A chance her mate to snub.

He'd fish the streams with diligence,
Take home a mess of trout,
And all the thanks he'd get
Would be a disdainful pout.

Of hair he'd make a pheasant snare,
And start off through the wood,
Determined that he'd fetch
Her something good.

And, at night when he joined her,
Do you think her heart was stirred?
No, she'd filled up with bananas,
Though Adam had a bird.

BALLAD OF LIZZIE

Will you love me when my headlights are all shattered,
Will you love me when my top is rent and torn?
Will you love me when my fenders are all battered,
Will you love me when my cotter-pin is worn?
Will you love me when my spark plugs are all missing,
Will you love me when the brakes have ceased to grip?
Will you love me when my intake starts to hissing,
Will you love me when my clutch begins to slip?
Will you love me when my bumper has quit bumping?
Will you love me when my tires are soft and flat?
Will you love me when my bearings are all thumping,
Will you love me when I can't do this or that?
Will you love me when my nuts and bolts are falling
From a frame that's bent entirely out of line?
Will you love me when I hear the junk-pile calling,
Will you love me when I'm old, oh, Lizzie mine?



THE LAYERS

Oh, chickens with fine feathers,
May suit your taste best;
But if you ask me, I would say
I like good layers best!



THE FIFER

Two little drummers and a fifer fair
Found a cot all covered with hair,
The fifer went in and rummaged about,
While the two little drummers kept drumming without,
Then the fifer came out and hung his head;
"My God," said the drummers, "Our fifer is dead!"

THE BESTES' FING

In the mountains of Virginia
Sat a nigger old and gray
Outside an ancient cabin
At the turning of the day.

Beside him stood his grandson,
A lad still in his 'teens;
An unromantic figure
In a pair of faded jeans.

"A'd like to ask a question,"
He said, as he sat down;
(The face the old man turned
Was like a Monmouth frown.)

"The question is," he started,
"Wot's the bes' fing in the world?"
The old man scratched his head
With a hand knotted and knurled:

"Wal, neow," he said, "th' bes' fing
That I can jes' recall
Is a well-roasted 'possum
When the season's in de fall.

"Ah lak to have it ver' brown,
Plenty gravy on the platter;
Smothered den with taters—
The res' do not matter."

"But, Dad," the young one asked,
"How 'bot a fas' Mulatta,
When you and she is all alone—
An' how far yo' go—no matta?"

"Haw, haw!" the old man wheezed,
"Jes' lissen to him sing!
You ast me whut the bes' fing was—
An' not the BESTES' fing!"

PAIN IN THE NECK

The little red hen got off her nest
As a nameless longing surged in her breast;
She looked at the egg without pride or glee,
And clucked "You're a pain in the neck to me."



OLD TRUSTY CANE

Old Grandpa Johnson strolled down the lane,
Tottering a bit, and swinging his cane;
A flapper approached, and to him she said:
"I notice your cane has a smooth shiny head,
It gleamed in the sun, as you came down the lane;
Why don't you varnish the rest of your cane?"
"Gal," said Pop, "in the heyday of my youth
Looks and ambition I craved, that's the truth,
And I took great pride in myself and my cane
But, damn it to hell! I CAN'T DO IT AGAIN!"



WOMAN IN THE SHOE

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many kids
She didn't know what to do.

But—

There's another old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had no kids, 'cause
She knew what to do!

BUT WHAT I DARE NOT NAME

Young Mary and young Willis
Sat in a lovely grove,
Making crowns of lilies
And telling tales of love—
And something else,
But what I dare not name.

A thousand times he kissed her,
Laying her on the green,
But as he farther pressed her
Her pretty leg was seen—
And something else,
But what I dare not name.

She seemed to be trying
His passion to withstand;
Cried (but it was faintly),
“Please take away your hand—
And something else,
But what I dare not name.”

So Mary, almost dying,
Dissolved in amorous heat;
She kissed, and told him, sighing,
“Your love, my dear, is great—
And something else,
But what I dare not name.”

Love's treasure they kept reaping
'Til Nature took a stand;
From talk they fell to sleeping,
Holding each other's hand—
And something else,
But what I dare not name.

LIMERICKS

A wonderful fish is the flea,
He bores and he bites on me;
 I would love, indeed,
 To watch him feed,
But he bites me where I cannot see.



A princess who ruled in Algiers
Had bushels of dirt in her ears;
 The tail of her shirty
 Was also quite dirty,
She never had washed it in years.



There was a young lady named Win,
With her boy-friend went out for a spin;
 Said this snappy young lass,
 "When we run out of gas,
I presume the amusements begin!"



I love her in the evening gown,
I love her in her nightie;
 But when moonlight flits
 Between her tits,
Jesus Christ, almighty!



There was a young lady from Lichen
Was scratching her twat in the kitchen;
 Her mother said, "Rose,
 It's crab's, I suppose—"
"Yes, and by Jesus, they're itchin'."



A coon what was out with his Liz
Said, "Baby, let's get down to biz."
 Said she, "That caint be,
 'Less you'se stronger'n me,
But, honey, I reckon you is."

THE MERRY MAID AND THE WICKED MONK

Good Father, I have sent for you because
I would not tamper with holy laws,
And yet, I know that something is amiss,
For when I see youths and maidens kiss
I tremble and my very knees grow weak
Until my chamber I am forced to seek;
And there with cheeks aflame, in floods of tears,
I toss with strangely mingled hopes and fears.

And Father, strange to say, throughout the night,
Although my figure, as you see, is slight,
I dream I have a ripe, voluptuous form,
And strong arms, 'round me, hold me close and warm,
Until at last, at last, I blush to say,
My very garments seem to melt away,
Until, as nature clad me, there I stand,
The willing victim to a wandering hand.

And at these times, when I seem not alone,
The form that holds me is not like my own;
It has not swelling globes here, such as these,
No sloping thighs, nor rounded dimpled knees;
And stranger still—pray, Father dear, draw near,
The greatest difference seem to be—just—here.

Dear Father, should I pray and fast in pain?
Or sleep and dream those blissful dreams again?
It seems not sin and yet my mirror shows
A face where shame and deepest color glows.
Tell me it is not wicked, Father dear,
To find myself with new sensations, here.
Ah heaven! You burn with fever, too, it seems;
Are you, as well, a prey to fitful dreams?

And once I dreamed far more than I have told:
This handsome stranger once was overbold;
And I will show thee, Father, if I may,
Just what was done; I could not but obey.
The sun had set; the stars were in the sky,
And I was trembling, though I knew not why,
And here upon this couch I lay, like this,
When on my lips I felt a burning kiss.

Yes! That is like it! Just the very same!
My arms reached upward—I was not to blame,
For all my soul seemed hungering to feel
The strange delight that made my senses reel.
It seemed so strange that pleasure should be pain,
And yet I fain would suffer, once again.

'Twas thus—and so—and ever did I strain
To meet halfway the source of all my pain;
My voice came fitful—broken—just as now—
I was not mistress of myself I vow!
I clasped the spirit visitor like this—
Through all my veins I felt his maddening kiss;
My pulse went wild—I knew not what was done—
And—goodness gracious! *How that man can run!*



LOVE

Hard is the lot on he who loves
A maiden fair and slim;
For when he's very *soft* on her,
It's very *hard* on him.

LITTLE WILLIE

When Willie was a little boy,
Not more than five or six,
Right constantly did he annoy
His mother with his tricks;
Yet not a picayune care I
For what he did or said,
Unless, as happened frequently,
The rascal wet the bed.

Closely he cuddled up to me,
And put his hands in mine,
'Til all at once I seemed to be
Afloat in seas of brine.
Sabean odors clogged the air,
And filled my soul with dread,
Yet I could only grin and bear
When Willie wet the bed.

'Tis many times that rascal has
Soaked all the bedclothes through,
Whereat I'd feebly light the gas
And wonder what to do.
Yet there he'd lie, so peaceful-like;
God bless his curly head,
I quite forgave the little tyke
For wetting of the bed.

Ah me, those happy days have flown;
My boy's a father, too,
And little Willies of his own
Do what he used to do.
And I! Ah, all that's left of me
Is dreams of pleasure fled;
Our boys ain't what they used to be
When Willie wet the bed.

Had I my choice, no shapely dame
Should share my couch with me;
No amorous jade of tarnished fame,
No wench of high degree;
But I should choose and choose again
The little curly head
Who cuddled close beside me when
He used to wet the bed.

A MIRACLE

A hermit once lived in a beautiful dell,
And it is no legion, this that I tell,
So my father declared, who knew him quite well,
The hermit.

He lived in a cave by the side of the lake,
Decoctions of herbs for his health he would take,
And only of fish could this good man partake,
On Friday.

And most of his time he spent in repose,
Once a year he would bathe, both his body and clothes,
How the lake ever stood it, the Lord only knows,
And he won't tell.

One day as he rose, dripping and wet,
His horrified vision three pretty girls met;
In matters of gallantry he wasn't a vet,
So he blushed.

He grabbed up his hat that lay on the beach,
And covered up all that its wide brim would reach,
Then he cried to the girls in a horrified screech,
"Go away!"

But the girls only laughed at his pitiful plight,
And begged him to show them the wonderful sight,
But he clung to his hat with all of his might,
To hide it.

But just at this moment a villainous gnat
Made the hermit forget just where he was at,
He struck at the insect, and let go the hat—
Oh horrors!

Now I have come to the thread of my tale;
At first he turned red, then he grew pale,
Then he uttered a prayer, for prayers never fail,
So 'tis said.

Of the truth of this tale, there is no doubt at all;
The Lord heard his prayer and answered his call:
Tho' he let go the hat, the hat didn't fall.
A miracle!

THE PASSING OF THE BACKHOUSE

When memory keeps me company and moves to smiles or tears,
A weather-beaten object looms through the mist of years.
Behind the house and barn it stood, a half a mile or more,
And hurrying feet a path had made up to its swinging door.
Its architecture was a type of simple classic art,
But in the tragedy of life it played a leading part.
And oft the passing traveller drove slow and heaved a sigh,
To see the modest hired girl slip out with glances shy.

We had our posey garden that the women loved so well,
I loved it, too, but better still I loved the stronger smell
That filled the evening breezes so full of homely cheer,
And told the night'o'ertaken tramp that human life was near.
On August afternoons, it made a little bower
Delightful, where my grandsire sat and whiled away an hour.
For there the summer morning its very cares entwined,
And berry bushes reddened in the streaming soil behind.

All day fat spiders spun their webs to catch the buzzing flies
That flitted to and from the house, where ma was baking pies,
And once a swarm of hornets bold had built a palace there
And stung my unsuspecting aunt—I must not tell you where.
Then father took a flaming pole—that was a happy day—
He nearly burned the building up—the hornets left to stay.
When summer's bloom began to fade and winter to carouse,
We banked the little building with a heap of hemlock boughs.

But when the crust was on the snow and sullen skies were gray,
In sooth the building was no place where one could wish to stay;
We did our duties promptly, there one purpose swayed the mind;
We tarried not, nor lingered long on what we left behind.
The torture of that icy seat would make a Spartan sob,
For needs must scrape the gooseflesh with a lacerating cob
That from a frost-encrusted nail did dangle by a string—
My father was a frugal man and wasted not a thing.

When grandpa had "to go out back" and make his morning call,
We'd bundle up the dear old man with a muffler and a shawl.
I knew the hole on which he sat—'twas padded all around,
And once I dared to sit there—'twas all too wide, I found.
My loins were all too little, and I jack-knifed there to stay;
They had to come and get me out, or I'd have passed away.
Then father said ambition was a thing that boys should shun,
And I just used the children's hole 'til childhood days were done.

And still I marvel at the craft that cut those holes so true,
The baby hole, and the slender hole that fitted sister Sue.
That dear old country landmark . . . I've tramped around a bit,
And in the lap of luxury my lot has been to sit,
But ere I die I'll eat the fruit of trees I robbed of yore,
Then seek the shanty where my name is carved upon the door.
I ween the old familiar smell will soothe my jaded soul;
I'm now a man, but, none the less, I'll try the children's hole.



BACK IN YOUR BOYHOOD DAYS

First you knock at the door,
And then you ask for Annie;
Then you put a nickel
In the old piannie;
And down comes Annie
In her old silk kimonie,
All dolled up
With perfume and cologne;
Then you pay a dollar
For a bottle of beerie;
Another dollar goes
For the music you hearie;
Three dollars more
To go upstairs with your dearie,
And then you've got nine days
Of doubt and fearie!
Back in your boyhood days!

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny were lovers,
Goodness, oh, God! How they'd love;
Swore to be true to each other,
True as the stars above,
'Cause he was her man,
But he done her wrong.

Frankie, she was a good girl,
'Most everybody knows;
Gave Johnny a hundred dollars
To get himself a suit of clothes,
'Cause he was her man,
But he done her wrong.

Frankie worked down in a crib-joint,
A place with only two doors,
Gave all her money to Johnny,
Who spent it on "some very best people";
He was doing her wrong,
Yes, damn his soul.

Frankie, she was a swell girl,
So the landlady said;
She always was so doggone busy,
Never had time to get out of bed;
But he done her wrong,
God damn his soul.

Frankie hung out a sign
Saying "No more fish for sale,"
And then went looking for Johnny
To give him all her kale,
'Cause she loved her man;
But he done her wrong.

So Frankie went down to the corner,
To get a big glass of beer;
Said to the man called "Bartender,"
 "Has my loving Johnny been here?
 God damn his soul!
 Is he doing me wrong?"

"I couldn't tell you no story,
I couldn't tell you no lie,
I saw your Johnny 'bout an hour ago
With a floozy called Alice Bly;
 He might be your man,
 But he's doing you wrong."

Frankie ran back to the crib-joint,
Lay down on the old work-bench,
While Johnny was changing his luck
With that high-yellow wench;
 He was doing her wrong,
 God damn his soul.

Frankie took off her red kimona,
And this time it wasn't for fun,
'Cause right underneath it
She had a great big forty-four gun;
 He was doing her wrong,
 Doggone his soul.

Frankie ran down to the hop-joint,
Frankie rang the hop-joint bell;
"Stand back, you pimps and ladies,
Or I'll blow you straight to hell;
 I'm looking for my man,
 'Cause he's doing me wrong."

Frankie ran up the hallway
And started to look around;
She caught Alice with ten toes up
And Johnny with ten toes down,
 God damn his soul,
 He was doing her wrong.

Johnny ran down the stairway
And hollered, "Kid, please don't shoot."
Frankie raised up the big forty-four,
And went five times "Root-i-toot-toot!"
She shot her man
'Cause he done her wrong.

"Turn me over, Frankie,
Turn me over slow;
Turn me over on my right side,
So my Hoover button won't show;
You've killed your man,
But I done you wrong."

Frankie fought with the sergeant
As he threw her in a cell,
"I'm gonna get that nigger wench
If we fight it out in hell;
He was my man,
And he done me wrong."

So bring out your rubber-tired hearses,
Bring out your rubber-tired hacks;
Thirteen macks going to the cemetery
But only twelve came back;
She killed her man,
'Cause he done her wrong.

Frankie said to the sergeant,
"What do you think they'll do?"
The sergeant said to Frankie,
"They ought to pardon you;
You killed your man,
But he done you wrong."

Now it wasn't any kind of murder,
In either the second or third;
This woman just dropped her lover
Like a hunter drops a bird—
He was her man,
And he done her wrong.

Frankie stood before the Justice,
Just as bold as brass;
"I didn't shoot him in any degree,
Just in his big fat bottle and glass,
He was my man,
And he was doing me wrong."

The judge, he said to Frankie,
"I guess it's all for the best;
He was just a color-blind pimp
That got to be an awful pest;
You killed your man,
But he done you wrong."

Three little pieces of crepe,
Hanging on the crib-joint door,
Signifies that Johnnie
Will never be a pimp no more;
He's dead and gone,
'Cause he done her wrong.



MONKEY GLANDS

We know of a geezer named Sands
Who submitted to wifey's demands,
And sent off by mail,
Quite a bunch of kale,
For an outfit of new monkey glands.

And he got and took them of course,
And they proved an unfailing resource,
But the way the THING stands,
It is said Mrs. Sands
Is going to sue for divorce.

MEPHIPHA ALPHABET

A is for Amour that starts the affair,
B is for Bedroom to which they repair,
C is for Cigarettes smoked in between,
D is for Drinks that are frequently seen,
E is for Elevator, takes the pair up,
F for French restaurant, such as the Pup,
G is for Girl, a regular jewel,
H is for Husband, the silly old fool,
I for Illicit love, long may it reign,
J for the Joy of it, giving sweet pain,
K is for Kisses you want more and more,
L is for Lingerie strewn on the floor,
M for Mephipha, my but it's grand,
N for both Nature and Nudity stand,
O is for Oh—in the stillness of night,
P is for Passion, makes everything right,
Q is for Quality and Quantity, too,
R for Resistance, found in but few,
S for the Skin of her, fair as a pearl,
T for Technique, that would make your hair curl,
U is for Unity, the greatest of joys,
V is for Virtue, that only annoys,
W for Whirling-spray, grand old invention,
X for expenses, needless to mention,
Y Is for you, dear, inspiring this rhyme,
Z for the hope we'll meet some other time.



THE BEES AND BIRDS DO IT

The little birds and bees do it,
Kings and queens do it,
If I hadn't promised to be true, I'd do it;
But I'll tell you what I'll do,
I'll lie still and let you do it.

ACE IN THE HOLE

The more you look around this good old Reno town,
You'll find what I am telling you is true,
 They'll meet you with a smile,
 But you're knowing all the while
That they're trying to hand something to you.
 And the tales that they'll be telling
 Of the lemons they are selling,
And of the "C" notes they are spending buying clothes.
 But you know damn well they're lying—
 It's their little ace that does the buying
That clothes them from their head down to their toes.

Some of them write to the old folks for coin,
 That is their ace in the hole;
Some of them have girls in the old tenderloin,
 That's their ace in the hole;
They tell of trips they're going to take
 From 'Frisco to the old North Pole;
But they'd be just as dead as a chump playing "stud"
 If they lost their ace in the hole.



"TRICKS" AIN'T WALKING NO MORE

You all have heard this tale before,
Maybe in the jail-house or maybe before,
When your girl comes home, tired and sore,
It's time to make arrangements for a bran' new whore;
 Everywhere you see the bitch you'll hear her say:

"Tricks ain't walking no more,
Tricks ain't walking no more,
The girls begin to hustle at the break of day,
Try'n to get a dollar for their rent to pay;
The landlady singing the blues
'Cause the girls can't sell no booze,
I never saw it break so god-damned tough before,
'Cause tricks ain't walkin' no more."

MORE LIMERICKS

There once were two Hollywood nanas
In hiking clothes, showing their manna's;
Said a man, just for fun,
"Your pants are undone."
They said, "Yes! We have no bananas!"



There once was a sweet little lass
Who rode a pony with class;
A beau said one day,
"Dismount, please, I pray,"
And both she and the horse went to grass.



There was an old maid from Glou'ster,
Met a passionate man who "tossed her";
She wasn't much hurt,
But it dirtied her skirt,
So think of the anguish it cost her.



There was a young man named Hughes,
Who swore off all kinds of booze;
He said, "When I'm muddled
My senses get fuddled,
And I pass up too many screws."



There was a young lady named Flora,
Went to a picnic with an adorer;
What happened that day
I'd rather not say,
But she's got lots of troubles before'er.



There was a young lady named Ransom
Who was seduced four times in a hansom;
She lay on the floor
And yelled for more,
But the guy's name was Simpson—not Samson.

IN THE COTTAGE NEXT TO MINE

A Parody

In the cottage next to mine,
In the cottage next to mine,
There's a newly-married couple
In the cottage next to mine;
They go to bed at ten o'clock
And don't get up 'til nine;
So there must be "something doing"
In the cottage next to mine.



THE SCOTCH LASS

As I came o'er the Cairney mount
And down among the blooming heather,
A Highland laddie drew his dirk
And sheathed it in my wanton leather.

With me he played his war-like pranks,
And on me boldly did adventure,
He did attack me on both flanks
And pushed me fiercely in the center.

A furious battle then began,
With equal courage and desire;
Altho' he struck me three to one,
I stood my ground and received his fire.

But our ammunition being spent,
And quite out of breath from beating,
We did agree, with both consent,
To fight it out next meeting.



THRILLS AND SHOCKS

You may get thrills and shocks
In many different ways,
But the difference 'tween thrills and shocks
Is but twenty-eight short days.

BRASSIERE

Prithee, prithee! Lady Fair,
Passing by with conscious air,
Proudly flaunting charms so fare,
 Won't you buy a brassiere?

It is hard enough this life,
Left in town without a wife,
Trying to be good and true,
Doing what I ought to do.
 Prithee! Lady, do be fair,
 Buy yourself a brassiere.

Worse than skirts, too short, and hobble,
Is this teasing wobble, wobble,
With its added base appeal,
Gained by joggin' on your heel;
 Aw! for gosh sakes, Lady Fair,
 Get yourself a brassiere.

Why must women lure a fellow?
Why not leave that stuff to jello,
Or to bowls of trembling suet?
Why, even skinny ones can do it;
 Oh! for Pete's sake, Lady Fair,
 Get yourself a brassiere.

Feeble efforts that you make
An unconscious air to take
Do not fool one man in town;
We've seen you peeping down,
Peeping down with admiration
At the gentle agitation;
 Have a heart, sweet Lady Fair,
 Get yourself a brassiere.

Must you go in for all these fashions
Just to arouse our baser passions?
Stop these devilish attractions
That tempt us to unworthy actions;
So I beg you, Lady Fair,
Get yourself a brassiere!

Buy one—show your good intent;
Wear it home, don't wait to have it sent;
Get one tight to stop the trouble;
I will pay; yes, I'll pay double!
But for Christ's sake, Lady Fair,
Get yourself a *brassiere!!!*



IF YOU WON'T

Here's to you if you love me
And here's to you if you don't;
A smile for you, if you're willing,
A tear for you, if you won't.



LADY OF EDEN

There was a lady of Eden,
On apples was quite fond of feedin';
She gave one to Adam,
Who said "Thank you, madam,
You've got just what I've been needin'."

SHIPS

Here's to the ships of the ocean,
Here's to the girls of the land,
May the former be well rigged,
And the latter be well manned.



SUSIE'S BEAU

Sister Susie's got a beau;
Say! He ain't so goshdurn slow;
As a kisser he's right there,
Boy! He smacks her everywhere.
Just last Sunday I got hep—
Watched him kiss her on the step;
Came inside and sat in there,
And then he kissed her on the chair;
A little later, just for sport,
He kissed her on the davenport;
Sis just squealed and hollered "Ouch!"
When he smacked her on the couch.
When at night they stroll and talk,
He will kiss her on the walk;
And, you wouldn't think it true—
He kissed her on the avenue!
In his Ford, oh, he's neat—
Once he kissed her on the seat;
Talk about your pigs in clover,
He just kisses her all over.



WHILE YOUNG

So then be free, while young you be,
And let your mother scold;
And just be wise and don't despise
When men become too bold.
At forty-three a prude you'll be,
And lay your follies by;
But if 'til then you shun the men
You'll wish that you could die.

STRIP POKER

Betty and Billy, myself and fair Milly,
Once sat in a strip-poker game;
All of us truly were young and unruly,
But the pep was there just the same.

The cards that I had were running quite bad,
Then suddenly, they came to me great;
From out of the slush, I cornered a flush
Of diamonds, the four to the eight.

Betty and Billy dropped out, leaving Milly
And yours very truly to fight it alone;
I raised it a tie and, flicker me eye,
She saw it and raised it a comb.

This kinda hurt, I saw with my shirt,
With a coat I raised in great haste;
She looked with her belt and, oi Gevelt!
Boosted it high with her waist.

But I didn't flinch, it sure was a cinch—
So I bet every stitch that I had;
She saw, if you please, with her silken chemise
And——

(Stopped by the Censors)

Too bad!!



WHAT A LAY

What a lay in the hay was my baby,
What a lay in the hay was she;
What a lay in the hay was my baby,
When we lie thigh to thigh, knee to knee.
We kiss and kiss, and then
We kiss and kiss again;
What a lay in the hay was my baby—
What a lay, what a lay, what a lay!

MORE HESITATION BLUES

When he saw the Easter eggs
Were blue, green and red,
The rooster went next door
And knocked the peacock dead.



Tried to grab myself a gal,
A cute little elf;
She said, "No chance, kid;
I'm in business fo' myself."



I awoke with a thirst
And an awful head;
So I drank my bath
And went back to bed.



"I've got eighteen kids,"
Said blind man Ewing;
"Pity the blind—
Can't see what I'm doing."



I went out last night
To make a call;
I had no luck—
'Nother mule in my stall.



"Shall we eat
Or shall we go to beddy?"
"I don't care," said the wife;
"But dinner isn't ready."

ANNA

Yestre'en I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na';
Yestre'en lay on this breast of mine
The raven locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew, in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Has nothing to the honey bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Let monarchs take the east and west,
From India to Savannah;
Give me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.

Then I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana;
While dying raptures, in her arms,
I give and take with Anna.

Away thou flaunting God of Day,
Away thou pale Diana;
And bring an angel-pen to write
My transports with my Anna.

POSTSCRIPT:

The kirk and state may join and tell
To do sic' things I manna;
The kirk and state may gae to hell,
An' I shall go to Anna.

She is the sunshine o' me e'e,
To love but her I canna;
Had I on earth but wishes three
The first should be my Anna.

STILL MORE LIMERICKS

There was an old lady named Brewster
Who had an intrigue with a rooster;
 When living got high
 She killed the Shanghai,
And dined on the bird that seduced her.



There was a young lady from Spain
Who invented a way to make rain;
 But her ma wouldn't let her
 Because it would wet her—
Now wouldn't that give you a pain?



There was a young girl on the Dee,
Would stay with each man she did see;
 When it came to a test
 She wished to be best,
And practice makes perfect, you see.



There was a young girl from Anheuser
Who said no man could surprise her;
 But Pabst took a chance,
 And found Schlitz in her pants,
And now she's sadder Budweiser.



There was a young lady named Kate
Who decided that she'd propagate;
 When asked how she fared,
 Said, "At first I was scared,
But now I'm doing first rate."

ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

On a summer day in the month of May,
A burly bum was hiking;
He lay down by the side of a tree,
It was very much to his liking.

On that very same day, in the month of May,
A farmer's son went hiking;
Said the bum to the son, "Come go with me
And I'll show you things to your liking.

"I'll show you the Bees, the Cigarette Trees
And the Soda Water Fountains,
The Lemonade Springs where the Bluebird sings,
And the great Rock Candy Mountains.

"The Gum Drop Heights, where they give away Kites
And marbles made of crystals.
We'll join the band called Dead Shot Dan,
Who wears the swords and pistols."

The boy was gone, about six months long,
And after six months of his travels
He shot back on the S. P. track
And this tale he unravels:

"I've seen no Bees, no Cigarette Trees,
No Soda Water Fountains,
No Gum Drop Heights where they give away Kites,
No big Rock Candy Mountains."

No Lemonade Springs, Where the Bluebird sings,
No Marbles made of Crystals,
And there's no such man as Two-Gun Dan,
Who wears the swords and pistols.

Be—w—a—a—a—re, Be—w—a—a—a—re,
Of the bum they call Big Sandy;
He'll take you to a water tank
And cop a sneak quite handy.

He'll sit you on his peg and he'll make you beg
And call himself your jocker;
He'll black your eye if you can't beg pie,
And call you an "apple knocker."

So all you punks that can't beg lumps
And clothes for old-time Sandy,
Better cop a sneak through Pike's Peak,
And beware of the bum called Sandy.

MY FIRST PIECE

When I was a child, I nearly went wild,
And wanted to learn the piano.
I had a beau, who had lots of dough
And he had bought me a cute baby grand.
Oh, I'll never forget how happy I was
When I got my first lesson.
I didn't know why, but I started to cry
When I got my first piece from my teacher.

CHORUS:

My first piece, my first piece,
I was so young and so sentimental;
I was so shy, oh, so shy,
But he was so patient and gentle.
I had many lessons since I was a child,
So many I cannot recall.
That was long, long ago,
But there's one thing I know,
I liked my first piece best of all.



ORGAN AND PIANO

Mary Green had a piano
Which she was learning to play;
'Twas given to her by her uncle
When she was young, so they say.
A young organist was her teacher,
He was a musician of note;
One night she wrote him a letter,
And this is what she wrote:

CHORUS:

Come play on my grand piano
A tune that I love so well;
You send a thrill through and through me
When on each passage you swell.
You have a lovely organ,
With it I'm carried away;
With your organ and my grand piano,
What a lovely duet we can play.

HUMAN NATURE

It's only human nature, after all,
If you have a young lady against the wall,
 And you show determination
 To increase the population,
It's only human nature, after all.



OH, MOTHER

O, mother, Rodger, with his kisses
 Almost stops my breath, I vow;
Why does he grip my hand to pieces,
 And yet says he loves me, too?

Nay, more, the naughty man; beside it
 Something in my mouth he put;
I called him beast and tried to bite it,
 But for my life I cannot do it.

He sets me in his lap whole hours,
 Where I feel I know not what;
Something I never felt in yours—
 Pray tell me, mother, what is that?



WHAT? *A Riddle*

Stiff standing in the bed,
 First white and then red,
And there's not a lady in the land,
 But would take it in her hand,
Put it in her mouth
 And wish she had a dozen more
 For, *it's a strawberry!*

WINTER

Winter may come with his grouch,
The time when you sneeze and slouch,
 You can't take your women
 Canoeing or swimming,
But a lot can be done on a couch.



THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary
When of smoking I was weary,
And had drunk up all my whiskey,
 Only wishing there was more;

Just as I was lightly napping,
Suddenly there came a rapping
As of some fair female tapping,
 Tapping at my chamber door;

'Tis some chippy that's awishin'
To my room to gain admission;
Well, I'll rise and let her enter,
 Enter tho' she be a whore,
 Only that and nothing more.

So I opened wide the portal
And there stood such a mortal
As in all my living moments
 I had never seen before.

She had lost her upper garments,
And of all seductive varmint
She was sure the warmest baby
 Mortal woman ever bore;

And each palpitating bubbly
Was so round and firm and chubby
That my spirits rose within me,
 Just my spirits, nothing more;
 Yes, my spirits; nothing more.

OUR PARENTS

Our parents come together first,
To satisfy each other's lust;
Pleasure is the main procurer,
And matrimony's best insurer;
Other ends they scarce have any,
Tho' they pretend to many.
Thus we're got, as they before,
And we're soon ripe for getting more.



A JUST BARGAIN

I am a lover, and 'tis true,
Fair lady, I'm in love with you;
Woman you are, for all I can see,
Yet more assured I wish to be.
Such a trial then don't refuse,
As people in all bargains use.

You feel pullets, so they say,
If not plump, you won't pay;
Men ride horses, and try their pace,
And so would I in this case.
Men don't buy land before they know
What kind of fruit is apt to grow.

Now, if any of my parts, or all,
You would like to trial call,
You shall both see and feel, and taste,
Lest you repent, my dear, in haste;
So part with part, let us compare;
There's no deceit in open-ware.

Your limbs and feet are straight and fine,
And look, my dear, pray what are mine?
You have a round and lusty thigh,
And look, my love, so have I;
And that little part that all must bind—
Don't show me, dear; I might go blind!

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

When I was young and foolish
I used to take delight
To go to balls and dances,
And stay out late at night.

'Twas at a ball I met him,
He asked me for a dance;
I knowed he was a sailor
By the buttons on his pants.

His shoes were neatly polished,
His hair was neatly combed,
And when the dance was over
He asked to see me home.

As we walked home together
I heard the people say,
"There goes another girlie
That's being led astray."

'Twas on my father's doorstep
That I was led astray;
'Twas in my mother's bedroom
That I was forced to lay.

He laid me down so gently—
He raised my dresses high;
He said, "Now, Maggie darling,
Take it now, or die.

"Here is a half-a-dollar
For the damage I have done,
For soon you will have children,
A daughter or a son.

"If it is a daughter
Take her on your knee;
But if it's a son, then
Send him out to sea.

"I hope, next time I see you,
That you'll remember me,
And thank God for the blessing
That I have brought to thee."



THE SPANISH NOBILIO

There once was a Spanish nobilio,
Who lived in an ancient castillio;
He was proud of his tra la la lillio,
And the works of his tweedle dum dee!

One day he went to the theatillio,
And there saw a lovely dancillio
Who excited his tra la la lillio,
And the works of his tweedle dum dee!

He took her up to his castillio
And laid her upon his sofillio,
Then inserted his tra la la lillio,
And the works of his tweedle dum dee!

Nine days later he saw the doctillio—
He had a fine dose of clapillio
All over his tra la la lillio,
And the works of his tweedle dum dee!

Now he sits in his castillio,
With a handful of cotton-wadillio
He swabs off his tra la la lillio,
And the works of his tweedle dum dee!

THE HOLE

I'm a hole, 'though too narrow
When first I am tried,
Yet the thing I was made for
Can stretch me out wide;
Though at the first entrance
Perhaps I may tease ye,
Soon after I commonly
Prove for to please ye.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'm long in my shape,
And my depth can't be found;
And when I'm stretch'd open
My form is more round;
Though I'm nothing but mouth
Yet no teeth can you find;
I am chiefly before,
Though I'm sometimes behind.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

And as for my color,
If e'er you have seen
The whimsical coat
Of the stage harlequin;
It's white and it's red,
And it's black and it's brown,
Not a color on that,
But on me may be found.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Some whimsical fools
Who quite bare chose to have me,
An act in their favor,
Petition'd there might be:
Then the king, and the state,
Took me into their care,
And declared with once voice
They would choose me with hair.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I was formed in an instant,
But was not complete,
There was something still wanting,
They found not out yet;
Then the members rose up,
All like creatures bewitched,
And cried it's worth nothing
If 'tis not well flitched.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

To modest folks' ears
I would give no offense;
Though the meaning is double
You may draw from hence,
You may think what you will
But my song's not obscene,
For 'tis nought but a **BUTTON-HOLE**,
Faith that I mean.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.



WHERE I TRIED HER

I tried her on the sofa,
I tried her on the chair,
I tried her on the window seat,
I tried to get it there,
I tried her this way and that way;
Oh, goodness, how I laugh
To think how many ways I tried,
To get her *photograph*.

ANOTHER PIECE

"Now, Bill," she said, "No more tonight,
For three you're had already."

She was indeed quite liberal,
But then, he was her steady.

"But," Bill replied, with great emotion,

"Can't you see, dear, that I crave it;
And, furthermore, what is the use
In endeavoring to save it?"

"Learn to control yourself," she said,

For soon we will be married;
Accomplish this, and happy we'll be."
This was how she parried.

"But it's ripe, my little angel child,
And will not last forever."

She smiled, and answered tauntingly,
"Now, don't you think you're clever?"

"Oh, my love," he said, "another piece,
I'll have it stripped, my dear;
One more will hurt neither you nor me,
So banish your unfounded fear."

"Well, here," she said, "you may have it,
But you must strip it yourself";
He slowly stripped the herbacious fruit
And ate the *banana* himself.



CHEERIO

Two little pillows all edged with lace,
Two little heads face to face;
Everything else in its proper place—
Cheerio!

A FOOL THERE WAS

A fool there was, and he met a belle
Even as you and I;
And he took her to a swell hotel,
Even as you and I;
And he thought himself a smart young gink
As he wrote "and wife" with the pen and ink,
And slyly gave the clerk a wink,
Even as you and I.

They went up the hallway and into the room,
Even as you and I;
Trying to look like a bride and groom,
Even as you and I;
She was 'Frisco's most beautiful belle
And the fool was all set to give her hell,
But when you're past forty, you never can tell,
Even as you and I.

She took off her waist and showed her white breast,
Even as you and I;
And he stripped right down to the hair on his chest,
Even as you and I;
She hopped into bed, mad with desire;
He felt himself a ball of fire,
Then suddenly discovered he had a flat tire,
Even as you and I.

The fool sat down and he made a prayer,
Even as you and I;
And for once in his life he prayed on the square,
Even as you and I;
But the beautiful maid gave up in despair,
Nothing was stiff—not even a hair;
She sent for the bellboy and gave the fool the air,
Even as you and I.



HERE'S TO IT

Here's to it and at it
And at it and to it
And to it and at it again;
And then if you get to it
And then don't do it,
Here's hopin' you never can do it again!

WHAT SHE LEARNED FROM OTHER MEN

"The love I bear you, dearest,
Would make the sweetest tale,
We'd sail upon a sea of bliss,
And I would life the sail."

"Our happiness would be sublime,
Surpassing tongue or pen,
You may as well learn things from me,
As to learn from other men."

"Oh, you have touched me deeply,"
The young thing whispered low.
He pleaded, "Come, oh, come with me!"
She couldn't answer No.

She said, "I'll be your pupil,"
And softly added then:
"I may as well learn things from you
As to learn from other men."

They dined alone that evening
And the young man had his wish;
They even broke the unwritten law
Of "Never before ze feesh."

At half-past three, next morning,
He staggered home again;
She had taught him tricks he never knew,
That she had learned from other men.



THE MEN—DAMN 'EM

Here's to the men because I like them,
When I like them I love them,
When I love them I kiss them,
When I kiss them I let them,
When I let them I lose them—
Damn 'em!

THE HESITATION BLUES

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
Show me a man
That a woman can trust.



Ain't no ice-man,
No ice-man's son,
But I'll give you a piece
'Til the ice-man comes.



Blacker the berry
The sweeter the juice;
Got a big black gal
For my personal use.



Ain't no plumber,
No plumber's son,
But I'll plug up your hole
'Til the plumber comes.



Sugar is sugar,
And salt is salt;
If you don't get lovin'
It's your own damn fault.



Ain't no butcher,
No butcher's son,
I'll give you a bone
'Til the butcher comes.

MY THING IS MY OWN

I'm a tender young maid, and have been courted by many
Of all sorts and all trades, as ever was any;
A spruce haberdasher first spake me fair,
But I would have nothing to do with small-ware.

CHORUS:

My thing is my own
And I'll keep it so still,
Let the other young lasses
Do as they will.

A fine man of law did come out of Strand,
To plead his own cause with his fee in his hand;
He made a brave motion but that would not do,
For I did dismiss him and non-suit him, too.

My thing is my own, etc.

A master of music came with intent
To give me a lesson on my instrument;
I thanked him for nothing, bid him be gone,
For my little fiddle was not to be played on.

My thing is my own, etc.

A banker came, with abundance of cash,
But I had no mind to come under his lash;
He proffered me jewels, he offered me gold,
But I would not mortgage my little free-hold.

My thing is my own, etc.

A fine dapper tailor, with a yard in his hand,
Did offer his service to be at command;
He talked of a slit I had above knee—
But I'll have no tailor to stitch it for me.

My thing is my own, etc.

MORE BLUES

I have to go out
And get awful tight;
Takes me all night to do
What I used to do all night.



I got a honey man,
And a money man, too;
But the money can't do
What ma honey can do.



Hens in the barnyard,
Chickens in the hay;
You got to give 'em corn
If you want 'em to lay.



"Two little white pills,
What's the matter, heart-burn?"
She said, "Oh, no, dearie;
Just "asperin."



I've got a wife
And a sweetie, too,
'Cause my wife don't like it,
But my sweetie do.



When you ride in taxis,
Won't you tell me, please,
How yo' gonna keep yo' trouser
From bagging at the knees?

CLOSSERSON'S OWN SUMMARY

of the game of

CONTACT



By ULI CLOSSERSON

FOREWORD:

In preparing this summary, the author assumes that the student possesses at least a rudimentary knowledge of the game. A Summary, however skillfully made, can do no more than summarize. For a true grasp of the essentials or finer points, a fuller and more detailed study is necessary. For those who have never had the opportunity to test the principles of the game in actual practice or never expect to, *The Blue Book of Contact* has been prepared. For Bachelor enthusiasts *The Hand Book* is recommended—It concisely outlines, with gestures, the foremost systems of Solitaire.

INTRODUCTION:

The Game of Contact has existed in one form or another since the earliest days of Mankind. It was originally known as Whist, because of the rapidity of early day play; and later, when Commercialism entered, as Auction. Throughout the ages, various elaborations have been made and refinements added. The Raise was of course inspired by Eve. The Double invoked in behalf of the Chinese Princess, Tu Yung Tu, while the jump shift, employed as a defensive measure by Catherine de Medici, led to the innovation by Louis XIV of a slam in the Grand Manner, now called the GRAND SLAM.

What Imbecile introduced the RENEGE has never been established, but it matters little, since it has practically fallen into disuse at the present era. It remained, however, for the author, Uli Closserson, to bring Contact the zest and sparkle which is accountable for its amazing popularity and which marks it truly as the coming game by introduction of the Approach Principle and its twin brother, The Forcing Principle.

THE APPROACH PRINCIPLE:

This consists of choosing an opening play by comparing your probable tricks with those of your partner. This includes quick tricks, ruffing tricks, playing tricks, under tricks, over tricks, and side tricks. (It should be remembered, however, that in Contact, tricks developed after game is reached are of no playing value.) Honor tricks are, of course, to be disregarded entirely.

THE FORCING PRINCIPLE:

This Device is employed to produce game when partner, though possessing game requirements, fails, through timidity or inexperience to disclose them.

Forcing Situations Occur When:

- (a) Partner has great honor strength and refuses to open.
- (b) You possess extra length or a great freak.
- (c) Partner has a complete bust and you hold no stoppers.

DON'TS FOR BEGINNERS:

Never hold up the game.

Never leave your partner with an unguarded Major.

Never employ the forcing system with an inexperienced partner without first considering the results to be obtained by careful manipulation of your hand.

CONVENTIONS:

The Game can sometimes be gotten under way without ceremony by mentioning a Diamond.

The one-over-one is one of the oldest conventions and is still good.

Partner may signal for a take-out by making a squeeze play. (Make a simple non-jump take-out so as not to ruff partner's Queen.)

RULE OF EIGHT:

This is a yard-stick for determining opponent's holding. Assuming that partner has a bare Queen, make an opening in partner's suit. If opponent raises, as he probably will, the length of his holding will be disclosed. (Obviously, your chances of making game with 4 to 4½ against your opponent with 8 or 8½ are nil, except perhaps through a dummy set-up.

LEADS:

When partner leads the Queen up to your Jack, it is a strength lead and probably indicates that you can go game. It also means that your partner has an odd trick not previously disclosed.

If partner holds the Queen in Hand after your Jack is exposed, it is a weakness lead.

Length leads, and top of nothing leads, are employed, as the case may be, to advise partner of your holding. (The author finds this most advantageous, personally. See section on Short-cuts.)

TAKE-OUTS:

A regular take-out may be made to prolong the game or to permit partner to pass.

An immediate take-out should be made if partner is VULNERABLE; in a condition to be hurt.

A forcing take-out must be made if you find yourself caught in a minor.

A jump take-out is advised when there is danger of losing the rubber.

RE-ENTRIES:

Re-entry may be made immediately after a regulation take-out if you have a raise and possess adequate strength, provided partner shows an inclination to double.

Re-entry through your own hand may be made if you know exactly where the Queen lies.

Re-entry through your partner's hand is usually the best expedient, particularly for the novice. Even this method is uncertain after the Third round, however.

SUITS:

In Contact, avoid long suits whenever possible, except in defensive play. Short suits are a great advantage, and if it develops that your partner is void, having no suit to cover whatever, the advantage is still greater.

If partner passes during the open play, it is advisable to shift to another suit, or clean up the first suit before proceeding.

Never make a jump take-out in a long suit. Many fine suits have been ruined by this procedure.

VULNERABLE:

If partner is vulnerable, your only chance of making game is through playing tricks in your own or your partner's hand, or through psychic plays.

NON-VULNERABLE:

If partner is not vulnerable, and you fail to make game, you are the Dummy in the play.

RE-DOUBLES:

Never double and re-double in the same rubber. It is dangerous. Partner may be caught with an over-trick in the later stages, in which case an elimination play is the only salvation. In any event, it places a heavy burden on partner's ability to meet any situation that may arise.

DEFENSIVE PLAYS:

The best defensive play is to throw away the Jack.

OFFENSIVE PLAYS:

The following plays are considered offensive:

- (a) Placing your Jack on partner's Queen and immediately making a jump take-out.
- (b) Cross-ruffing. This procedure is difficult of description, but in general consists of alternation of play with your Jack between partner's Queen and Ace. (You'd be surprised how offensive this is.)

RESPONSES:

Normal support is to be expected from partner. If partner makes a preemptive shut-out, resort to the forcing system. If this fails, discard your Jack and open with a Spade. If partner denies making a double shift-jump, attempt to maneuver partner into a ten-ace position, and finesse the Jack through the Ace up to the Queen. (This may be confusing to the partner, but it is the only recourse in this situation.)

REFERENCES:

Space does not permit a detailed discussion in this summary of safeguards and procedures, psychic raises to keep the play open, free responses, penalties, bonuses, revokes and other details. Premiums for two and three game rubbers, scoring below the line, and "wait and see" tactics, as well as many other conventions involved in the Intercourse of Contact Partnership, are fully covered, however, in the regular textbook, *Contact Backward and Forward*.

The Author regrets his inability to continue with course of personal instructions, but as this is impossible due to continuous demand, Get work on the Ins and Outs of Contact.

PART TWO



We make a division at this point to warn our readers that the remaining poems have passed the stage of *innuendo* and you are now to be presented with Folk Songs, Poems and Limericks in the "raw."

The balance of the verse in this volume leaves nothing to the imagination except absurd situations, and we ask those, whose sense of propriety is easily offended, to CLOSE THE BOOK!

THE "WRECKS CLUB"

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets
While the train is standing
In the station; I love you!

We encourage constipation while
The train is standing in
The station; moonlight brings me
Memories of you!

If you find you must make water
You can call the porter,
He will place a vessel
In the vestibule.

So—passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets
While the train is standing
In the station.

That's the Golden Rule!



SHANTY TOWN

It's only a privvy
In old Shanty Town,
There's only two holes
For you to sit down;
There's no chain hanging there
But naught can compare
To the bargains you find
In the catalogue there.
I'd give up a palace
If I were a king,
'Twas there I first learned
To shake my old thing;
'Twould not be the same,
But it was there I first came,
In that privvy in old Shanty Town.

A YOUNG MAN AND A MAID

A young man and a maid, put in all,
Together lately play'd, put in all;
 The young man was in jest,
 Oh, the maid she did protest,
She bid him do his best, put in all.

With that her rolling eyes, put in all,
Turn'd upward to the skies, put in all;
 My skin is white, you see,
 My dress above my knee,
What would you more of more, put in all.

I hope my neck and breast, put in all,
Lie open to your chest, put in all;
 And I hope you satisfy
 The first time that you try
Or else I know I'll die; put in all.

According to her will, put in all,
This young man tried his skill, put in all,
 But the proverb plain does tell
 That use them ne'er so well,
For an inch they'd take an ell, put in all.

When they had ended sport, put in all,
She found him all too short, put in all;
 For when he'd done his best
 The maid she did protest,
'Twas nothing but a jest, put in all.



GOODS

I hope my old lady sells out,
I hope my old lady sells out;
 She's got lots of gash
 And she sells it for cash,
So I hope my old lady sells out.

TO A SOCIAL HOUR

A social glass and a social lass
Go very well together;
But a social lass with a social ass
I think a damn-sight better.
Here's to the glass,
And the lass, and the ass;
May we meet in all kinds of weather;
We'll drink from the glass,
And feel of the ass,
And make the lass feel better.



TOBACCOS

Prince Albert, after slipping
Fatima, the daughter of
Dixie Queen, a few
Gold Crumbs, took her for a stroll down the
Pall Mall, which leads to the
Old Mill; after carefully spreading his
Velvet lined
Tuxedo, which was given him by
Philip Morris, beneath the
Twin Oaks, he eased his
Cork-Tipped Turkish Trophy into her
Old English Curve Cut and gave her such a load of
Duke's Mixture that she sprayed
Bull Durham all over her
Mail Pouch.



THE BUGLE CALL

Asshole, asshole, a soldier I would be,
And piss, and piss, and pistols on my knee;
Fuck you, fuck you, for curiosity,
To fight for cunt, for cunt, for country.

THE SKONK I HUNT

I hunt de bear, I hunt de moose,
An' sometam hunt de rat;
Las' week I take ma hax an' go
For hunt a skonk polecat.

Ma fren' Beel say he's ver' fine fur,
An' same tam good to heat;
I tell ma wife I get fur coat,
Same tam I get some meat.

I walk 'bout three, five, six mile,
And then I feel strong smell—
Tink mebbe that dam skonk she die
An' fur coat gone to hell.

Pursoon bime-by I see that skonk
Close up by one beeg tree;
I sneek up ver' close behin',
I tink he no see me.

Bime-by I'm ver', ver' close,
I raise ma hax up high,
Dat goddam' skonk he up, an' plunk—
T'row something in my eye.

Oh, Sacre Bleau! I tink I blin';
Jees Chris'! I cannot see;
I run roun' and roun'
'Til I bump in goddam' tree.

Bime-by I drop ma hax away
An' light out for de shack,
I tink 'bout million skonk
He clim' up on ma back.

Ma wife she meet me at the door,
She sic on me de dog;
She say "You no sleep here tonight;
Go out an' sleep with hog."

I try to get in that pig-pen,
Jees Cris! now what you tink?
Dat goddam' hog no stan' for that
On 'count of awful stink.

No more I go for hunt de skonk
To get his fur an' meat;
For if he peese he smell so bad,
Jees Chris'! what if he sheet!

SPEARMINT GUM

Says the boy to the girl,
 "Will you give me some?"
"I will," she said,
 "If you buy me some gum."

So the boy was nice
 And bought some gum,
And the girl agreed
 To give him some.

"This is something
 That I've never done,
For I was taught
 Stiff things to shun.

"But if it's half as nice
 As the gum I chew
I know I'll like it
 As well as you."

So he laid her down
 Upon the grass;
She chewed her gum
 And wiggled her ass.

And the nearer she came
 To where she "come,"
The harder she chewed
 Her spearmint gum.

All of a sudden
 She grabbed him tight,
Grunted and squeezed
 With all her might.

Tears came to her eyes,
 She swallowed her gum,
Almost passed out—
 And then she "come"!

THE SHIP'S IN THE HARBOR

The ship's in the harbor,
She lies by the dock,
Like a young girl and young man,
With a stiff standing—

Haul away for the mainsail,
The main top set sail;
Haul away for the main sail,
For the main top set sail.

And there was young Johnny,
The pride of the crew,
Who liked to drink whiskey
And also to

Water the garden
When he was at home.
Etc.

He could dive like a fish
And swim like a duck;
Always trying to find
A new way to

Save the girls' lives
If a cramp they should take.
Etc.

But alas, we put in at
A far northern port,
And he froze it from chasing
And broke it off

Half way to Juneau,
Half way to Nome.
Etc.

Oh, the ship's in the harbor,
And she lies by the lock,
But, alas for poor Johnny,
He has no more

Yard arm to splice
Or top mast to brace.
Etc.

WHANG

I'll tell you a little story,
Just a story I have heard,
And you'll swear it's all a fable,
But it's gospel every word.

When the Lord made father Adam
They say he laughed and sang,
And sewed him up the belly
With a little piece of whang.

But when the Lord was finished
He found he'd measured wrong;
For when the whang was knotted
'Twas several inches long.

Said he, "'Tis but eight inches
So I guess I'll let it hang."
So he left on Adam's belly
That little piece of whang.

But when the Lord made mother Eve
I imagine he did snort
When he found the whang he sewed
Her with was inches short.

"'Twill leave an awful gap," said he,
But I should give a damn;
She can fight it out with Adam
For that little piece of whang."

So ever since that day
When human life began,
There's been a constant struggle
'Twixt the woman and the man.

Women swear they'll have the piece
That from our belly hangs,
To fill the awful crack left when
The Lord ran out of whang.

So let us not be jealous, boys,
With that which women lack,
But lend that little piece of whang
To fill that awful crack.

THE PRICE

Some four years ago I made Phillis an offer,
 Provided she would be my whore,
Of two thousand good crowns to put in her coffer,
 And think I should have given her more.

About two years after a message she sent me,
 She was for a thousand my own,
But unless for an hundred she now would content me,
 I sent her word I would have none.

She fell to my price six or seven weeks after,
 And then for an hundred would doe;
I then told her in vain she talk'd of the matter,
 Than twenty no farther I'd goe.

T'other day for six ducatoons she was willing,
 Which I thought a great deal too dear,
And told her unless it would come for two shilling
 She must seek a chapman elsewhere.

This morning she's come, and would fain buckle gratis,
 But she's grown so fulsome a whore,
That now methinks nothing a far dearer rate is
 Than all that I offer'd before.



OUR GUDE WIFE'S SAE MODEST

Our gude wife's sae modest,
 When she is set at meat,
A lavercock's leg, or a tittling's wing
 Is mair than she can eat;
But, when she's in her bed at e'en,
 Between me and the wa',
She is a glutton deevil,
 She swallows cods and a'.

QUOTH HE

I'd have you, quoth he,
Would you have me, quoth she,
O where, sir?

In my chamber, quoth he,
In your chamber, quoth she,
Why there, sir?

To kiss you, quoth he,
To kiss me, quoth she,
Oh why, sir?

'Cause I love it, quoth he,
Do you love it, quoth she,
So do I, sir!



JOCK McLAREN'S BIRDIE

Jock McLaren was a Hielan' mon,
He hailed from Brook Murray;
He bought him a kilt o' the real McLaren
That na mair than covered his birdie.
The kilt with the weather began to shrink,
'Til it scarcely reached his heardie.
Then Jock was shocked one day to find
That na mair it covered his birdie.
To buy a new ane cost mony baubers,
And Jock couldna' wear his go'd one;
And to cut a piece off his birdie's head
Clearly was out of the question;
So he thought and he thought,
And he mair than thought
'Til a thought through his head came afartin':
He painted the tip of his birdie's head
And ye na could tell it from the tartan.

OYSTER NAN

As Oyster Nan stood by her tub,
 To show her vicious inclination,
She gave her noblest parts a scrub
 And sighed for want of couplation.

A vinter of no little fame,
 Who good red and white can sell ye,
Beheld the dirty little dame
 As she stood scratching of her belly.

"Come in," says he, "you silly slut,
 'Tis now a rare convenient minute;
I'll lay the itching of your scut,
 Unless there be a greedy devil in it."

With that the flat-cap hussy smiled,
 And would have blushed, but could not;
"Alas!" says she, "we're soon beguiled,
 By men to do the things we should not."

From door they went behind the bar,
 As it's by common fame reported,
And there upon a kitchen chair,
 Unseen, the loving couple sported.

But, being called by company
 As he was taking pains to please her,
"I'm coming, coming, sir," says he;
 "My dear, and so am I," says she, "sir."

Her mole-hill belly swelled about,
 Into a mountain quickly after,
And when the pretty mouse crept out,
 The creature caused a mighty laughter.

And now she has learned the pleasing game,
 Altho' much pain and shame it cost her;
She daily ventures at the same
 And shuts and opens like an oyster.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN

There was an old man sitting on a rock,
Watching little boys playing with their —

Agates and marbles in Springtime of yore;
While over in the bushes they watched a fat—

Brunette young lady sitting in the grass;
When she rolled over you could see her shapely—

Shoes and stocking that fit like a duck,
She said she was learning a new way to—

Bring up her children and teach them to knit;
As over in the bushes they were taking a—

Little companion down to the docks,
And they said they would show him the length of their—

(If this is not poetry, what is it, by God!)



SKINNER

There was a young man named Skinner
Who took a young lady to dinner;

At half-past nine

They sat down to dine,

At half-past ten it was inner—

The dinner—not Skinner.



TO SPORTS

Here's to our sports,

May joy abide them;

The women and the horses,

And the men that ride them.

ALL BUT ONE

Oh! How well do I remember,
Those youthful days of joy and fun,
When all my bones were light and limber:
Did I say all? Yes! All but one!

But now those days are gone forever,
Those youthful days of joy and fun;
Now all my bones are stiff and tender:
Did I say all? Yes! All but one!



HARD MAN GOOD TO FIND

A Parody

A hard man is good to find,
The most are the other kind;
Just when you think he'd make a pal
You find he's more like a gal;
You may rave, and even crave
To have a man make you his slave,
So if your man is nice take my advice:
Hug him in the morning, kiss him every night,
Give him plenty loving, treat him right,
For a hard man nowadays is good to find.



THE BULL

Here's to the bull that roams the wood:
He does the cows and heifers good;
If it were not for his long, long rod
We'd not have any beef, by God!

CAROLINA IN THE MORNING

Nothing could be finer
Than to be with Carolina
 In the morning;
That's the time that she is best,
When's she's had a little rest,
 At dawning;
Then there's no one knocking
 Around the old flat-door,
Gosh it used to make me sore.
You lie right there beside her,
Then climb right astride her
 In the morning.
Her little buttercup
Starts to cuddle up and pucker up
 At dawning.
Night time is the best,
 Some people say,
But I'll take it in the morning
 Or I'll play a matinee.
Nothing could be finer
Than to be on Carolina
 In the morning.



EVERY YEAR

I'm getting poorer and poorer
 Every year,
I can see my finish, surer and surer,
 Every year,
My wits are getting thicker
And I got less capacity for liquor
 Every year.

The girls are getting sweeter,
 Every year,
And there's more demand for Peter
 Every year,
But mine it gets no bigger,
I'm getting slower on the trigger,
And I cut less and less figger
 Every year.

STACKOLEE

Stackolee was a good man,
Everybody he did love;
The pimps and dames all swore by Stack,
By the everlasting stars above—
Poor old Stackolee!

What do you know about this,
And what do you know about that?
He shot old Billy Lyons
Over a damned old Stetson hat—
Poor old Stackolee!

That beef about the hat
Was just a bum excuse,
He just shot old Billy
For giving his whore abuse—
Poor old Stackolee!

They took him to the jail-house
And threw him in a cell,
And the whores and pimps went down
To bid poor Stack farewell—
Poor old Stackolee!

Judge Murphy rose for sentence,
His eyes were filled with tears;
He said, "I won't be hard on you, Stack,
I'll just give you ninety-nine years."
Poor old Stackolee!

Stack's gal was a good girl,
She was just as true as steel;
She said, "I'll get the dough for Stack;
On him I'll never squel."
Poor old Stackolee!

She "hustled" in the morning,
She "hustled" in the night;
She got so thin from "hustling"
She was an awful sight.
Poor old Stackolee!

Early one morning
Down by the railroad track
She "hustled" Bull Montana,
And he damn near broke her back
For poor old Stackolee!

One night it rained like hell,
She had an awful time;
She said, "I won't break Stack's luck,"
So she shook it for a dime
For poor old Stackolee!

One night there came a wireless
And everybody sighed,
It said, "At nine o'clock that night
The poor old pimp had died!"
Poor old Stackolee!

When old Stack's girl
Heard this awful news,
She was seated on the bed,
Pulling on her shoes;
Poor old Stackolee!

They had a rubber-tired hearse
And some rubber-tired hacks,
And then came a procession
Of about ten thousand macks
To the grace of Stackolee!

When they got to the graveyard,
And saw that awful hole,
Those pimps and whores fell on their knees
And cried "Lord, save our souls"
And poor old Stackolee!

I never heard so much talk,
I never heard so much gab;
One pimp pulled out a needle
And gave himself a jag,
At the grave of Stackolee!

Another pimp's yen came on;
I thought, by God, he'd choke—
He pulled out his pipe, lit his lamp,
And lay on his hip to smoke
Beside the grave of Stackolee!

Then Stacko's whore steps out,
She was a widow now;
She said "I don't want nothing else
But some yenshee gow."
For poor old Stackolee!

The Cocaine Lil steps out
And said "This ain't no dream;
I'll get some yenshee gow for you
If I have to cook by steam."
Poor old Stackolee!

An itchy-nosed pimp stood up,
Said "Folks, I ain't got much to say";
Pulled out a bindle and took a sniff,
Saying, "Good-bye, Dolly Gray,"
Beside the grave of Stackolee!

So poor old Stack is gone,
He's now in his last hole;
And the pimps and whores all say,
"Lord, have mercy on his soul."
That's the last of Stackolee!

THE DIABETIC DOG

A farmer's dog came into town,
His Christian name was Runt.
A noble pedigree had he,
Noblesse oblige his stunt.

And as he trotted down the street,
'Twas beautiful to see
His work at every corner and
His work at every tree.

He watered every gateway, too,
And never missed a post,
For piddling was his specialty
And piddling was his boast.

The city curs looked on amazed,
With deep and jealous rage,
To see a simple country dog
The piddler of the age.

Then all the dogs from everywhere
Were summoned by a yell
To sniff the country stranger o'er,
And judge him by his smell.

Some thought that he a king might be,
Beneath his tail a rose;
So every city dog drew nigh
And sniffed it up his nose.

They smelled him over, one by one,
They smelled him two by two,
And noble Runt, in high disdain,
Stood still 'til they were through.

Then just to show the whole shebang
He didn't give a dam',
He trotted to a grocery store
And piddled on a ham.

He piddled in a mackerel keg,
He piddled on the floor,
And when the grocer kicked him out,
He piddled through the door.

Behind him all the city dogs
Lined up with instinct true,
To start a piddling carnival
And see the stranger through.

They showed him every piddling post
They had in all the town,
And started in, with many a wink,
To pee the stranger down.

They sent for champion piddlers who
Were always on the go,
Who sometimes did a piddling stunt
Or gave a piddling show.

They sprung these on him suddenly
When midway in the town;
Runt only smiled, and polished off
The ablest, white and brown.

For Runt was with them every trick,
With vigor and with vim,
A thousand piddlers more or less
Were all the same to him.

So he was wetting merrily,
With hind leg kicking high,
When most were hoisting legs in bluff
And piddling mighty dry.

Then on and on Runt sought new grounds,
By piles of scrap and rust,
'Til every city dog went dry
And only piddled dust.

But ever on went noble Runt,
As wet as any rill,
And all the champion city pups
Were peed to a standstill.

Then Runt did freehand piddling,
With fancy flirts and flings,
Like double grip and gimlet twist,
And all that sort of thing.

And all the time this country dog
Did never wink nor grin,
But piddled blithely out of town
As he came piddling in.

ENVOI:

The city dogs convention held
To ask "What did defeat us?"
But no one ever put them wise
That Runt had diabetes.



A PARADOX

When I see a man riding an ass,
This paradox comes to my mind:
Half of his ass is in front of his ass
And the whole of his ass is behind.



MARY'S LITTLE WATCH

Mary had a little watch,
She swallowed it one day;
And now she's taking cascareds
To pass the time away.

But as the time went on and on
The watch refused to pass;
So if you want to know the time,
Just look up Mary's ass.

DOUGHNUTS IN THE GREASE

Here's to Gretchen in the kitchen,
Frying doughnuts in the grease,
With her lover bending o'er her
Begging for a piece
(Of the doughnuts in the grease).

Here's to Gretchen's handsome lover,
As he softly bends o'er her;
May his loving words so tender
Win a sweet surrender of a little piece
(Of the doughnuts in the grease).

May the lover win his battle
And may Gretchen oft release
That which he so fondly begs for,
Just a frequent little piece
(Of the doughnuts in the grease).

Could you see the fair, sweet Gretchen
Your desire would soon increase,
And you'd join the lover's begging
For just one little piece
(Of the doughnuts in the grease).

Gretchen gave him what he asked for,
Gave him just one little piece;
Now he's sorry that he got it,
For his water won't release,
(Burnt by the doughnuts in the grease).



BUT

John laid me down to take another, and another,
Then he called me Little Bugger
And took off every stitch that I had on,
He passed me through a cross-examination,
I fairly boiled with expectation;
It was an awful shock, he couldn't raise his arm,
Poor John, poor John!

TOUGH LUCK

Listen to me
And my little song;
I'll tell you how
I got in wrong.

I lived with my aunt,
She was old and wealthy;
She had a servant girl
Who was nice, plump and healthy.

I tried my best
To get to lay the leg,
Or take her in the woodshed
And put her on the peg.

No matter what I tried,
I didn't seem to figure;
I think to this day
She was a gold digger.

Now, I sneaked around the back
One night to go to bed,
Caught her with her head in a barrel
Getting flour for bread.

A chance like that,
Of course, I couldn't pass,
So I histed up her skirts
And ozzed it in her ass!

To think of worse luck,
My God, I know I can't!
For when she turned around—
Holy Mose—it was my AUNT!

BLUE OINTMENT

Put on your old blue ointment,
To the crabs' disappointment
And take a bath every day;
Jesus Christ, how it itches,
But it kills those sons of bitches
In the good old-fashioned way.



THE FLEA

Long, thin and slender,
Tickles where its tender;
In and out it goes,
Where the hair grows.



THE EEL

Slippery, white and greasy,
When it's in it's easy,
When it's out
It flops about,
Slippery, white and greasy.



BIRD IN THE BUSH

In these modern days of progress and push,
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;
But some ladies claim if "Birdie" will stand
A push in the bush is worth two in the hand.



MARY'S LAMB

Mary had a little lamb
And it pastured in the lot,
And every time it wagged its tail
You'd see its little twat.

LIMERICKS

There was a girl from Barking Creek
Who had her periods once a week;
A friend from Woking
Said "How provoking,
You don't get much poking, so to speak."



There was a young man from Kent
Whose pecker was always bent;
It caused him much trouble
'Cause it went in double,
And instead of coming, he went.



A skinny old maid named Dunn
Married a short-peckered son-of-a-gun;
She said "I don't care
If there isn't much there,
Gawd knows it's better than none!"



A ninety-year-old man from Lynn
Went to a hookshop to sin;
But try as they would
It did him no good
For all he had left was the skin.



There was a young lady at sea,
Who said, "Gawd, how it hurts me to pee!"
"I see," said the mate,
"That accounts for the state
Of the purser, the skipper and me."



There was a young man from Boston
Who bought himself an Austin;
He had room for his ass
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

WHITE THIGHS

Let the world run its course of capricious delight,
I none of its vanities prize;
More substantial the joys I experience each night
From a touch 'twixt my charmer's white thighs.

Poets praise Chloe's shape, her complexion, her air,
Coral lips, pearly teeth, and fine eyes;
A fig for them all, they can never compare
To my charmer's elastic white thighs.

What care I for Phillis, Maria, and Jane,
Their beauties may raw one's surprise;
Let others enjoy them—content I remain,
Sole lord of thy lovely white thighs.

If aught can entice me, or aught can allure
My slumbering passions to rise,
Or aught kindle up my desires—be sure
'Tis the sight of these snowy white thighs.

When I revel, dear love, in thy heavenly charms,
The joys of the gods I despise;
Nor envy great Mars, though in Venus' arms,
Whilst embracing thy beautiful thighs.

Believe me, my dear, there is nothing on earth,
Which so fondly—so madly, I prize,
As that fountain of bliss, where delight takes its birth,
Which is placed 'twixt thy parting white thighs.

Of Ganymede's beauties we oft times have heard,
And how Jove bugger'd him in the skies;
No envy have I, nor care I a turd,
Whilst possessing such exquisite thighs.

The arse of my love is delightful to see,
Its plumpness rejoiceth the eyes;
Her lily-white belly is heaven to me,
But, ye gods! what are these to her thighs!

TO CHOOSE A FRIEND

To all young men that love to woo,
To kiss and dance, and tumble, too;
Draw near and counsel take of me,
Your faithful pilot I will be:
Kiss who you please, Joan, Kate, or Mary,
But still this counsel with you carry—
Never marry.

Court not a country lady; she
Knows not how to value thee;
She hath no am'rous passion, but
What tray or quandro has for slut;
To lick, to whine, to frisk, or cover
She'll suffer thee, or any other,
Thus to love her.

Her daughter she's now come to town,
In a rich linsey woolsey gown;
About her neck a valued prize,
A necklace made of whiting's eyes;
With list for garters 'bove her knee,
And breath that smells of firmity,
'S not for thee.

Of widow witchcrafts have a care,
For if they catch you in their snare,
You must as daily labourers do,
Be still a-shoving with your plow;
If any rest you do require,
They then deceive you of your hire,
And retire.

The maiden ladies of the town,
Are scarcely worth your throwing down;
For when you have possession got
Of Venus mark, or honey-pot,
There's such a stir with, marry me,
That one would half forswear to see
Any she.

If that thy fancy do desire,
A glorious outside, rich attire;
Come to the court, and there'll you'll find
Enough of such to please your mind;
But if you get too near their lap
You're sure to meet with the mishap
Call'd a clap.

With greasy painted faces drest,
With butter'd hair, and fucus'd breast;
Tongues with dissimulation tipt,
Lips which a million have them sipp'd;
There's nothing got by such as these
But aches in shoulders, pains in knees,
For your fees.

In fine, if thou delight'st to be
Concern'd in woman's company:
Make it the studies of thy life
To find a rich, young, handsome wife
That can with much discretion be
Dear to her husband, kind to thee,
Secretly.

In such a mistress, there's the bliss,
Ten thousand joys wrapt in a kiss;
And in the embraces of her waist,
A million more of pleasures taste;
Who e'er would marry that could be
Blest with such opportunity,
Never me.



BEFORE PAPER

When Adam was on earth,
Before paper was invented,
He wiped his ass
On a wisp of grass
And went away contented.

WHY DOGS LEAVE A NICE FAT BONE

The dogs once held a meeting,
They came from near and far;
Some came in automobiles,
Some came in a car.

But, before inside the hall
They were allowed to take a look,
They had to take their assholes off
And hang them on a hook.

They all walked in, one by one,
Mother, son and sire,
But no sooner were they seated
Than someone hollered "Fire!"

Then they all rushed out in a bunch,
They had no time to look;
So each one grabbed an asshole
And ran it off the hook.

They got their assholes all mixed up,
It made them awful sore
To think they'd lost the asshole
They'd always worn before.

And that's the reason why
When you go down the street,
A dog will stop and swap a smell
With every dog he meets.

And that's the reason why
A dog will leave a nice fat bone
To smell another's asshole,
In hopes to find his own.

THOSE BASTARDS OVERHEAD

'Twas down in Casey's Barracks,
On the corner of Mulvey,
The Irish and the Dagoes
They all go on a spree;
The Irish and the Dagoes,
Bad things of them are said,
They ought to be pinched for a gang of whores,
Those bastards overhead.

CHORUS:

There's Rosie, god-damn Josie,
The curse of Christ on Kate;
Nora—and pockfaced Cora
Who never comes home 'til late;
Such a rushing of the growler,
Holy Christ! they'll wake the dead;
They ought to be pinched for a gang of whores,
Those bastards overhead.

What took place last evening,
It was a god-damn sin,
Maggie threw shit water on us
When we tried to get in.
They are a gang of bastards,
Of that there is no doubt;
I'll tear down me stove in the morning
And b'Jesus, I'll move out!



A PRETTY GIRL

A Parody

A pretty girl, a shady nook,
A bed all draped in yellow;
Two ruby lips, two shapely hips,
Oh, oh! You lucky fellow!

Once more the nook, he reads a book
And heaves a sight of sorrow;
Two pimples pink, upon his dink—
And there'll be more tomorrow!

YANKEE DOODLE

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Goodwin,
And there we saw the whores and pimps
As thick as hasty puddin'.

CHORUS:

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the action and the pep,
And with the girls be handy!

And there we see a thousand men
As rich as Squire David;
The cocks they wasted every day
I wish they could be saved.

CHORUS:

The cunts they use up every day
Would make a whore-house rich;
They have so many that, I'll be bound,
They use 'em when they're mind ter.

CHORUS:

And there I see a private's gun
Large as a bullock pintle,
So deuced large it was, he'd run
It into father's cattle.

CHORUS:

And every time he shot it off,
So strong the force it spent,
The cows, they couldn't stand the shock,
And went like hell, they went.

CHORUS:

I went as nigh to them myself
As one would dare to venture,
And father went as night agin,
I thought his hard was on him.

CHORUS:

Cousin Simon grew so nervous,
I thought he'd masturbate it;
It worked me so I jacked it off
Behind a fat old trumpet.

CHORUS:

And there I see a hookshop jane
As big as mother's servant,
And every time they stuck it in 'er
Her yells were most elatant.

CHORUS:

And there they frigged away like fun
And played their cock-a-diddles,
And some had pricks as red as blood
All hung about their middles.

CHORUS:

The troopers, they would gallop up
And fart right in our faces,
It scared me almost half to death
To see such farty races.

CHORUS:

I see a little pussy there
All haired against the weather;
They pumped between its scarlet lips
A mighty big bananer.

CHORUS:

And there was Cap'n Washington
With gentle whores about him;
They say his cock's so 'tarnal proud
He cannot ride without 'em.

CHORUS:

All this so scared me, I run off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about 'til I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

CHORUS:

IN PRAISE OF A DEFORMED WOMAN

I love thee for thy curled hair,
As red as any fox,
Our forefathers did still commend
Thy lovely golden locks.

Venus herself might comelier be,
Yet hath no such variety.

I love thee for thy squinting eyes,
It breeds no jealousy,
For when thou dost on others look,
Methinks thou look'st on me.

Venus herself, etc.

I love thee for thy copper nose,
Thy fortune's ne'er the worse,
It shews the metal in thy face
Thou should'st have in thy purse.

Venus herself, etc.

I love thee for thy chestnut skin,
Thy inside's white to me;
That color should be most approv'd
That will least changed be.

Venus herself, etc.

I love thee for thy splay mouth,
For on that amorous close
There's room on either side to kiss
And ne'er offend the nose.

Venus herself, etc.

I love thee for thy rotten gums,
In good time it may hap,
When other wives are costly fed
I'll keep thy chaps on pap.

Venus herself, etc.

I love thee for thy blobber lips,
'Tis good thrift I suppose;
They're dripping-pans unto thy eyes,
And save-alls to thy nose.

Venus herself, etc.

I love thee for thy hunched back,
'Tis bowed although not broken;
For I believe the gods did send
Me to thee for a token.

Venus herself, etc.

I love thee for thy pudding vast,
If a tailor thou dost lack.
Thou need'st not send to France for one,
I'll fit thee with a sack.

Venus herself, etc.

I love thee for thy lusty thighs,
For tressels thou may'st boast;
Sweetheart, thou hast a water-mill
And these are the mill-posts.

Venus herself, etc.

I love thee for thy splay feet,
They're fools that thee deride,
Women are always most esteeme'd
When their feet are most wide.

Venus herself, etc.



HUN HUNYADI

Hun Hunyadi—'most everybody
Knows that it's all, all right;
Hun Hunyadi—makes the best toddy
When you've been up all night.
When you get home in the morning,
And there is hell to pay,
Hunyadi is there to banish your care
And wash all your troubles away.

CHAMBER LYE

NOTICE: The women of Germany are commanded to preserve their chamber lye as it is very needful to the cause of the Fatherland in the manufacture of gunpowder. Wagons with barrels and tanks will be sent through the city daily to collect and remove the same.

(Signed) Von Hindenburg, Commanding.

A German Soldier in the Trenches:

Von Hindenberg, Von Hindenberg,
You are a funny creature;
You've given the cruel war
A new and funny feature.

You'd have us think while every man
Is bound to be a fighter,
The women, bless their hearts,
Should save their pee for nitre.

Von Hindenberg, Von Hindenberg,
Where did you get the notion
Of sending barrels 'round the town
To gather up the lotion?

We thought a woman's duty
Was keeping house and diddling,
But now you've put the dears
To patriotic piddling.

Von Hindenberg, Von Hindenberg,
Pray do invent a neater
And somewhat less immodest way
Of making your saltpetre.

For fraulein fair of golden hair,
With whom we all are smitten,
Must join the line and jerk her brine
To kill the bloomin' Briton.

Answer from an English Tommy:

Von Hindenberg, Von Hindenberg,
We read in song and story
How many tears in all the years
Have sprinkled fields of glory.

But ne'er before have women helped
Their braves in bloody slaughter,
'Til German beauties dried their tears
And went to making water.

No wonder, Von, your boys are brave!
Who would not be a fighter,
If every time he shot his gun
He used his sweetheart's nitre?

And, vice versa, what would make
An Allied soldier sadder
Than dodging bullets fired from
A pretty woman's bladder?

We've heard it said a subtle smell
Still lingers in the powder,
The battle-smoke grows thicker still,
And the din of battle louder.

That there is found to this compound
A serious objection—
A soldier cannot take a sniff
Without having an erection.

And it is clear now why desertion
Is so common in your ranks;
An Arctic nature's badly needed
To stand Dame Nature's pranks.

A German cannot stand the strain
When once he's had a smell;
He's got to have a piece or bust—
The Fatherland to hell!

MAN

Man on top of woman
Hasn't long to stay—
His head is full of business
And his ass is full of play;
He goes in like a lion
And comes out like a lamb;
He buttons up his pants
And doesn't give a damn!



DOWN THE LEHIGH VALLEY

It was down the Lehigh Valley in early 'sixty-three,
We were panning sand in the Rio Grande,
My cross-eyed partner Bill, and me,
When Bill got stuck on a gal named Nell.
Well, she warn't so goldarned bad,
But he brought her up to the house to live,
And I was a rooty lad.

While cross-eyed Bill was panning in the creek
As it trickled through the trees near by,
Nell and I'd be at it a-tearing off a trick.
Well, Spring rolled by in the old Lehigh
And Nell dropped twins, you see:
One was a cross-eyed son-of-a-bitch
And the other was just like me.



THE FOOL'S PRAYER

A fool there was and he made a prayer
To a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair;
He placed his bone in the hank of hair,
But the fool was fooled, *the rag was there!*

POOR OLD DICK

At the close of our existence,
When we've climbed life's golden stairs,
And the chilly winds of Autumn
Rudely toss our silvery hairs.

When we feel our manhood ebbing,
And we're up to life's last ditch,
And we find our faithful Peter
Sleeping soundly at the switch.

God Almighty! ain't it awful!
Don't it make you deathly sick
When the painful fact confronts you
That you've got a lifeless dick?

Ain't it sad for us to know
That when we take him on the street,
That he ne'er again will wrestle
With the pussies that we meet?

That he ne'er again will bristle
On a wet and windy day,
When some maiden shows her stocking
In that naughty, funny way?

Oh! my poor old loyal kingpin,
How my heart goes out to you,
For I cannot but remember
All the stunts you used to do.

How I charmed the maids and maidens,
And the dashing widows, too,
How you had the whole push wishing
For just a little bit of you.

Don't you think that I've forgotten
When each dear girl you tried,
I could never make you quit her 'til
She cried "I'm satisfied!"

Think you then that I'll forget you
Just because you are so dead,
And just because when I command you
You cannot raise your head?

No, indeed, my valiant comrade,
Naught shall rob you of your fame!
Henceforth you'll be my pisser,
And I'll love you just the same.



WHAT'S THE USE OF WORKING?

What's the use of working?
Any fool can work;
But pleasant occupation
I would never shirk,
Believe me.

Put me in a brewery,
Turn the faucets loose;
I couldn't get a job like that,
So what's the use?

What's the use of jerking?
Any fool can jerk;
Pleasant occupation
I would never shirk,
Believe me.

Put me in a hook-shop,
Turn the girlies loose;
I couldn't get a job like that,
So self-abuse.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
I wonder what ye mean
To lie sae long i' the mornin'
And sit sae late at e'en?
Ye'll bleer a' your een, John,
And why do ye so?
Come sooner to your bed at e'en,
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When first that ye began,
Ye had as good a tail-tree
As ony ither man;
But now it's waxen wan, John,
And wrinkles to and fro,
And aft requires my helpin' hand,
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
You're welcome when you please,
It's either in the warm bed,
Or else aboon the claes.
Do your part aboon, John,
And trust to me below;
I've twa gae-ups for your gae-down,
John Anderson, my Jo.

When ye come on before, John,
See that ye do your best;
When I begin to haud ye,
See that ye grip me fast;
See that ye grip me fast, John,
Until that I cry "Oh!"
Your back shall crack, or I do that,
John Anderson, my Jo!

NO MORE A-ROVIN'

And then I touched her on the knee,
Mark well what I do say;
And then I touched her on the knee.
Says she, "Young man, you're rather free."

CHORUS:

A-rovin', a-rovin', since rovin's been my ru-eye-in,
I'll go no more a rovin' with you, fair maid!

And then I touched her on the thigh,
Mark well what I do say;
And then I touched her on the thigh.
Say's she, "Young man, you're rather high."

CHORUS:

And then I touched her on the thatch,
Mark well what I do say;
And then I touched her on the thatch.
Says she, "Young man, that's my main hatch."

CHORUS:

And then I slipped it to the blocks,
Mark well what I do say;
And then I slipped it to the blocks.
Say's she, "Young man, I've got the pox."

CHORUS:



ALICE, WHERE ART THOU GOING?

Alice, where art thou going,
Where is your curly head?
If you are slipping without knowing
I'll put ashes in the bed.
Does the light hurt your eyes, dear,
Or it is that you are cold?
On my chest your soft hair falls,
I feel your hot breath on my balls—
Alice, where art thou going?

OVER THE GARDEN WALL

I went out to pee behind a tree,
Over the garden wall,
And what I saw just filled me with glee,
Over the garden wall.

At first it was dark, but at last I made out
A male and a female were there beyond doubt;
And I was not long guessing what they were about,
Under the garden wall.

He was tall, and she was fair
Her dress was up, and her ass was bare,
And little they dreamed that I was there,
Over the garden wall.

I saw a pair of delightful thighs,
Over the garden wall,
And a tool of most enormous size,
Over the garden wall.

I heard her exclaim, "What a beauty, dear Jim,
Go easy, old boy, as you stick it in;
Be easy at first or you'll split my quim,"
Over the garden wall.

The sight gave me a peculiar shock,
Over the garden wall;
I found I was rubbing my sensitive cock,
Near the garden wall.

All gone was my inclination to pee,
Over the garden wall,
For the girl, as she left, would have to pass me,
Over the garden wall.

CHRISTMAS IN THE HAREM

It was Christmas Eve in the harem
And the Eunuchs all were there;
And the Sultan's dark-eyed ladies
Were combing out their hair.
The Sultan said, as he entered
These lovely, spacious halls:
"Boys, what do you want for Christmas?"
And the Eunuchs answered "BALLS!"



KING SODOMY

I am the haughty old King of Siam, I am!
For fucking I don't give a damn, a damn;
You may think it odd of me, but I prefer Sodomy;
You may call me King Sodomy—
Cunt is all very well, but it hasn't the smell
Nor the grip of the ass of a man, a MAN!



THE DEPRESSION OF 1610

As I went to Westminster Abbey,
I saw a young wench on her back
Cramming a dildo of Tabby
Into her—'til 'twas ready to crack.
"By your leave," said I, "pretty maid,
Methinks your sport is but dry."
"I can get no better," she said, "sir,
And I'll tell you the reason why:
"Madam P. hath a thing at her breech,
Sucks up all the scad of the town;
She's a damned lascivious bitch,
And fucks for half a crown.
"Now the curse of a cunt without any hair,
And ten thousand poxes upon her;
We poor whores may go hang in despair,
We're undone by the maids of honor."

THE NEW MAUD MULLER

Maud Muller on a Summer's day
Raked the meadows sweet with hay;
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

She little dreamed that the man from town
Would get onto the charms beneath her gown.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Stroking his horse's chestnut mane.

The Judge had been up the previous night
At a game of draw that was out of sight;
His friends filled him up with villainous budge,
And he left the game a busted Judge.

He did not despond or get a bit blue,
For the following week his salary was due;
But his nut was swelled and his tongue was thick,
And his brains were heated and so was his prick.

For a feverish jag, with its other arts,
Heats up the prick like other parts.
He dreamed of tail all along the lane,
But there was no tail, so he stroked the mane.

And he saw Maud Muller standing there
With her little tin cup and ankles bare,
And the idea struck him mighty quick—
"I'll quench my thirst, and please my prick."

"Please," said the Judge, with a secret wink,
"I'm very dry; can I have a drink?"
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him the small tin cup.

With a start he saw in its mirrored glare
That she wore no pants, and her box was bare.
"Thanks," said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From fairer hands was never quaffed."

He stood there waiting, still calling for more,
For so much true art he'd ne'er seen before.
With fixed eyes he'd taken his thirty-third drink
When her box, true to nature, gave a definite wink.

Had it not been for this, 'twould be safe to say,
The Judge would be drinking to this very day.
The wink settled the business for His Honor that day,
He went off in his pants, and went on his way.



THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

Three o'clock in the morning,
Let us get up and wash;
Three o'clock in the morning—
Just one more hump, by gosh.

I really don't think I can stand it,
My peter is soft as squash,
So let us go down on each other, dear,
And we don't have to wash.



IF YOUR BALLS

If your balls hang low
Can you swing them to and fro,
Can you tie them in a knot,
Can you tie them in a bow,
Can you swing them o'er your shoulder
Like a blommin' British soldier,
Can you dance a litte jig,
If your balls hang low?

MY LULU

I wish I was a diamond
Upon my Lulu's hand,
And every time she wiped her ass
I'd see the Promised Land.

CHORUS:

Bang away, my Lulu,
Bang away good and strong;
Oh! what'll we do
For a damn' good screw
When our Lulu's dead and gone?

I wish I was the pee-pot
Beneath my Lulu's bed,
And every time she took a pee
I'd see her maiden-head.

CHORUS

I took her to a circus,
The elephant for to see,
But when she saw the elephant's thing
She wouldn't go home with me.

CHORUS

I wish I was a candle
Up in my Lulu's room,
And every night at nine o'clock
I'd penetrate her womb.

CHORUS

My Lulu had a baby,
She named it Sunny Jim;
She dropped it in the pee-pot
To see if it could swim.

CHORUS

My Lulu was arrested,
Ten dollars was the fine;
She said to the judge:
"Take it out of this ass of mine."

CHORUS

LYDIA PINKHAM

Have you heard of Lydia Pinkham,
And her compound so refined?
It turns pricks into flowing fountains
And makes cunts grow behind.

CHORUS:

Then we'll sing, we'll sing,
We'll sing for Lydia Pinkham,
Savior of the human race;
How she makes, she bottles,
She sells her vegetable compound
And the papers publish her face.

Widow Brown, she had no children
Though she loved them dear,
So she took some Vegetable Compound
And now she has them twice a year.

CHORUS

Willie Smith had peritonitis,
And he couldn't piss at all,
So he took some vegetable compound,
And now he's a human waterfall.

CHORUS

Mrs. Jones had rotten kidneys,
The old lady couldn't pee,
She took some vegetable compound,
And now they pipe her out to sea.

CHORUS

Geraldine had no breastworks,
And she couldn't fill her blouse,
So took some vegetable compound,
And now they milk her with the cows.

CHORUS

Arthur White had been castrated,
And had not a single nut,
So he took some vegetable compound,
And now they grow all around his butt.

CHORUS

Walter Black was a bearded lady,
And his peck wouldn't pec,
So he took some vegetable compound,
And now it's long as a giraffe's neck.

CHORUS

LADY LIL

Lil was the best our camp perduced;
And of all the gents what Lillian goosed
None had no such goosin', nor never will,
Since the Lord raked in poor Lady Lil.
We had a bet in our town
Thar warn't no geezer that could brown
Lil to a finish, any style—
And no bloke ever made the trial
'Cept Short Pete, the halfbreed galoot
Who wandered in from Scruggins' Chute.
His takin' it surprised us all,
For Pete he warn't so big nor tall,
But when he yanked his tool out thar
And laid it across the bar,
We 'lowed our Lil had met her fate,
But thar warn't no backin' out that late.
And so we 'ranged to have the mill
Behind the whore-house on the hill
Where all the boys could get a seat
And watch that half-breed brown his meat.
Lil's start was like the gentle breeze
That swayed the noddin' cypress trees,
But when het up, she screwed for keeps
And laid her victims out in heaps.
She tried her twists and double biffs,
And all such m'neuvvers known to quiffs,
But Pete war thar with every tack,
And kept a-lettin' out more jack.
It made us cocksmen fairly sick
To see that half-breed shove in prick.
She gave short Pete a lively mill
And wore the grass half off the hill,
'Til finally, she missed her shot
And Short Pete had her on the pot;
But she died game, just let me tell,
And had her boots on when she fell—

So what the hell, Bill, what the hell!

THE PIONEERS

The pioneers have hairy ears,
They piss through leather britches;
They wipe their ass on broken glass,
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

When cunt is rare they fuck a bear,
They knife him if he snitches;
They knock their cocks against the rocks,
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

They take their ass upon the grass,
From fairies or from witches;
Their two-pound dinks are full of kinks,
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Without remorse they fuck a horse,
And beat him if he twitches;
Their mighty dicks are full of nicks,
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

To make a mule stand for the tool,
He's beat with hickory switches;
They use their pricks for walking sticks,
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

Great joy they reap from buggering sheep
In sundry bogs and ditches;
Nor give a damn if it be a ram—
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

When booze is rare, they do not care,
They take a lot of Fitch's;
They fuck their wives with butcher knives,
Those hardy sons-of-bitches!

THE TYPEWRITER

I am a young typewriter,
My age is just eighteen;
And I'll tell you all about
The things I've done and seen.

My first job was in Seattle,
And it was quite a cinch;
I liked the boss extremely well
And he gave my ass a pinch.

I next worked for a broker
Down in Maiden Lane;
He used to squeeze my tits
Until they fairly ached with pain.

A lawyer next employed me,
And he hadn't much to do;
He spent his time in flirting,
And he asked me for a screw.

My fourth boss was a florist,
He dealt in seeds and plants;
And I left him when he tried
To get his hands up in my pants.

I then got a position
Down on a steamship dock;
But quit that job the second day
When the boss showed me his cock.

I next worked for a preacher,
A horny little runt;
And left because he begged me
To let him suck my cunt.

Then I came to this decision,
To just take things as they came,
And if I lost another job
I alone would be to blame.

So I got a situation
As a confidential clerk,
And had hardly got my hat off
When the boss got in his work.

He talked to me so sweetly,
And then began to beg
Just to let him put his hand
For a minute on my leg.

I let him feel my legs a while,
Then he stood me on a chair,
Pulled up my skirts and down my drawers
'Til my ass and things were bare.

He didn't waste a minute,
Out came his prick so stiff;
"My dear," he said, "just let me put
This in your pretty quiff."

He made me hold his pecker
And gently rub his bag;
Then he laid me on the sofa
While he pulled off every rag.

He kissed my lips and bubbies,
And his cock grew bigger yet;
As for myself, my pussy
Felt very hot and wet.

Then he spread my thighs apart,
My tongue he gently sucked,
Then shoved his cock into my cunt—
And I was being fucked.

I let him fuck me all that day,
And it was simply grand;
And he made me come so many times
That I could hardly stand.

So I'm holding down the same old job
And I surely am in luck;
I get good pay with little work—
About all I do is fuck.

My work it is so easy
That I do odd jobs on the side;
The boys come up to my cozy room
And they ride, and ride, and ride.



TOUGH BILL

I'm an 'oary-eyed bastard
From the wild and wooly West,
Where the rattlesnakes and buzzards
Build their lousy nests.

Where the bitch-wolf howls
And the hellish cactus grows,
And we don't give a damn
It if rains or snows.

I'm just six-foot-seven
And I've got a ten-inch tool—
I'm halfbreed pole-cat
And three-quarters mule.

I'm the toughest guy that's living
And don't give a shit;
I'm a hard-boiled bastard
And I'm here to do my bit.

I'm on my way to Germany
To get the Kaiser's goat,
And I'll wade across the ocean—
To hell with the god-damn boat!

I can live on gunpowder,
And I can drink squaw piss,
And that bastard the Kaiser,
Is sure gonna get his.

We'll castrate the varmint
With a little piece of glass,
And we'll drive a crooked hitching post
Right up the bastard's ass.

We'll lock him in the shit-house
And throw the key away,
And when the piss-ants bite him
We'll make him shout "Hooray!"

THE BOISTEROUS MAN FROM RANGOON

There was a boisterous man in Rangoon
Whose farts filled a big balloon;
It went up so high
It burst in the sky
And stunk out the man in the moon.



THE STUDENT AT YALE

There was a student from Yale,
Whose face was exceedingly pale;
He spent his vacation
In mild masturbation,
Because of the high price of tail.



LADY FROM FRANCE

There was a young lady from France
Who strolled in the park by chance;
She there met a Turk
Who got in his work,
And now she can't button her pants.



MAN FROM MOBILE

There was a young man from Mobile,
Who went around a great deal;
He hadn't the pluck
For a good solid fuck,
But he used to be great on the feel.



PRIEST FROM MADRID

There once was a priest from Madrid,
Who cast his lewd eyes on a kid;
He exclaimed with great joy,
"I'll buggar that boy,"
And buggar that boy he did.



THE GUY FROM PAWTUCKET

There was a guy from Pawtucket
Whose cock was so long he could suck it;
He exclaimed with a grunt,
"If my ear was a cunt,
By God, I believe I could fuck it.

THE CHISHOLM TRAIL

Now get around, boys,
And listen to my tale,
And learn my troubles
On the Chisholm Trail.

CHORUS:

Come a ti yi yippy, come a ti yi yay,
Come a ti yi yippy, yippy ya.

On a ten-dollar horse
And a forty-dollar saddle,
I come from Texas
With the long-horn cattle.

CHORUS

With my ass in the saddle
And ma pony on a lope,
I am the best man
Who ever throwed a rope.

CHORUS

The boys found a stray
And the boss says "Kill it";
So I shot him in the ass
With the end of a skillet.

CHORUS

I went to the boss
For to draw my roll,
And he had me figured
Ten bucks in the hole.

CHORUS

I tried to grab him
And throw him on the grass,
And he damned near't shoved
My balls up my ass.

CHORUS

My name's Bill Taylor
And my love's a squaw;
She lives on the banks
Of the muddy Wichita.

CHORUS

Went to the bunkhouse
And got my roll,
Going down to Wichita
To lard my pole.

CHORUS

I asked for tail
And handed her a quarter;
Says she, "Young man,
I'm a cowpuncher's daughter."

CHORUS

So out comes a dollar
To fill her greasy hand;
Says she, "Young fella,
Will your dingwalla stand?"

CHORUS

I grabbed her then,
And throwed her on the grass,
My toe-hold slipped
And I rammed it up her ass.

CHORUS

I fucked her standing,
And I fucked her lying;
If she'd had wings
I'd fucked her flying.

CHORUS

Says she, "Young man,
You're nothing but a kid,
But you'll remember me,"
And, by God, I did.

CHORUS

In about nine days
My prick began to swell,
And I wisht that squaw
In the lowest pits o' hell.

CHORUS

So I sold old Baldy,
And I hung up my saddle;
And I bid farewell
To the god-dam' cattle.

CHORUS



STILL MORE BLUES

Rolling in the grass,
Out in the sun;
Playing Humpty-Dumpty
'Til the "goodies" come.

"What goes in hard
And comes out soft?"
"Chewing gum," she said,
And then she lawfed.

Belly to belly
And skin to skin;
Rubbing up and down
But nothing going in.

Poor old man,
He cannot sin;
He's only got the skin
That it came in.

Diddled my wife
On the kitchen floor;
She let a fart,
Blew the cat thru the door.

Hand full of titty,
Mouth full of tongue,
Pussy full of jock,
Makes the old man come.

JULIA

Tell, if thou canst, and truly, whence doth come
This camphire, stotax, spikenard, galbanum;
These musks, these ambers, and those other smells
Sweet as the vestrie of the oracles.
I'll tell thee; while my Julia did unlace
Her silken bodice, but a breathing space,
The passing air such odor then assumed
As when to Jove great Juno goes perfumed,
Whose pure immortal body doth transmit
A scent that fills both heaven and earth with it.

'Tis when my Julia sheds her hose
That there is wafted to my nose
An odor with such spices fraught
That I esteem all others naught;
And when she belches, what a smell
Of heliotrope and asphodel;
But when my Julia breaks her wind,
There issues from her fair behind
A breath that would become, I ween,
A Pallas or a Paphian queen;
No hollow clamor speaks the birth
Of this ethereal child of earth,
But hot and swift it mounts the air,
Dispensing savor everywhere;
Swooning with ecstasy, I kiss
The heaven that breathed this gale of bliss.



THE CHILD

A maiden of high society
Prayed with passing piety;
That since a learned man had over reached her,
The child she bore should prove a *preacher*.
So the time being come, all dangers past,
The lady asked the doctor what God had sen at last.
Who answered half in laughter;
Said he, "The son has proved to be a daughter,
But be content, for if God doth bless the baby
She has a *pulpit* where a *preacher* MAY be.

MISS MALONE

I met Miss Malone in the alley
And her face was all covered with gore;
I said, "Sure! The hell! What's the matter?"
And she said, "Someone called me whore."

So I took Miss Malone to the graveyard
And I laid Miss Malone on a stone,
And every time that I put it to her
You could hear all the dead people moan.

Now if I had a thing like a saw-log
And bollicks like mountains of stone,
I would go thru hell and damnation
To get the tail of Malone.



THE LETTERS

Sir:

I am sending you a token
Of a buggy whip that's broken
And of footprints on the dashboard up side-down;
There are grease-spots on the cushion
And there's evidence of "pushin' "
And my daughter Venus hasn't come around.

(The Answer)

Yes, Sir:

I'm the guy that done the "pushin',"
Put the grease-spots on the cushion,
Made the footprints on the dashboard upside-down;
But since I had your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis,
And I wish I hadn't seen your god-damned town.

THE FAIR LIMOUSIN

Since Butler sang of Dildoes
And Villon loved to treat
Of certain cross-grained Margots
Whom he'd Rodgered on the street;
Since Rabelais, and Rochester,
And Chaucer chose to sing
Of that which gave them subtle joy—
That is to say, The Thing,
Why should not I, an humble bard,
Be pardoned if I write
Of a certain strange occurrence
Which lately has come to light?

One evening in December,
On the Boulevard de Prix,
While the sombre bells of Notre Dame
Announced the hour of six,
A dapper wight named Edward
Met, tripping on her way,
A madam with a character
And a gown quite decollete;
A babbling, buxom, blooming,
Billowy-bubbied dame,
Camille Maria Jesus
Hector Limousin, by name.

Tho' fair she was of countenance,
She was as lewd a bitch
As ever wallowed in a bed
Or muzzled in a ditch;
And meager wealth or family,
She was as foul a minx
As ever fondled scabby cods
Or nursed gangrescent dinks.
She tumbled one American,
And with his drooling yard
The august house of Grevy fell,
And fell almighty hard.

She toyed with Simon's senile tape
And burned Clemenceau's tail;
With howling Rochefort had she drunk
Of Mother Watkins' ale.
With Perier, and with Carnot
She had wrestled for a fall;
She had drained old Goulet 'til
He lay, no good, against the wall.
She did not swive for sustenance,
She rather lived to swive,
And at the two-backed feast
She beat the veriest whore alive.

No prurient dame of high degree,
No wench of tarnished fame
Could be compared with Limousin
At this close-buttocked game.
The Greeks had sixteen postures,
And the Hindoos sixty-four;
And Cleopatra's aggregate
Was seventy-five or more.
What were a hundred postures
To this fantastic queen?
She had at least a thousand
And all of them *tres bien*.

On top—the pumping method,
Or lying on the side,
Or spread upon her billowy bum
A la the blushing bride;
Or standing up, or sitting down,
Or resting on all four
Whereby the visitor could take
His choice of either door;
Or dressed, or naked, every way
Her genius could invent
To catch the silvery substance
That tickleth when 'tis spent.

She'd nig-nog, duffle, snuggle,
Concomitate and quag;
She'd dance the "Shaking Sheets,"
Fadoodle, wap and shag;
She'd "come the Caster," niggles, jerk,
And "Hear the Nightingale";
She'd nest-hide, dance "St. Leger's Round,"
And do it with her tail;
She'd break her leg above the knee,
Pound, click, and tread as well;
And, with a Holy Father, put
The devil into hell.

She'd wrestle, bank, cohabit,
Futuore, cram and jig,
Jumme, copulate, accompany,
Swive, fornicate and frig;
Go goosing or go grouching,
And, if needs be, cooning go,
Rasp, Roger, diddle, bugger,
Screw, canoodle, kife and mow.
There was no form of harlotry,
Nor any size of tarse
That had not run the gauntlet
'Twixt her nostrils and her arse.

What shall I term that slimy,
Pit-like orifice of sin
That let her liquefactions out
And other factions in?
A tuppence, twitchet, coney,
Commodity or nock?
Pudendum, titmouse, dummel-herd,
Quaint merkin, naf or jock?
Call it whatever please you,
There's nothing in a name;
And tho' it had been dubbed a rose
It would have smelt the same.

And he? He was a fine a buck
As ever topped a ewe,
Or with his facile penis
Clave a virgin's clam in two.
The flush of lusty manhood
Lent its beauty to his face,
And the outlines of his sturdy frame
Were full of virile grace;
But what seemed fairer far than these
To Limousin's fair eyes
Was the "Ne Plus Ultra" velper
That swung between his thighs.

To this illustrious pego
And its adjacent flop,
Let other kingoes, lobs, and yards
In adoration drop;
These other virgas, placket-rackets,
Pintles, stunts and jokes,
And all the brood of priapismic
Candidates for pox;
Fie! on that mewing mentulae,
For what, oh what, were these
Beside the phallic glory
That hung below his knees?

Your pillycocks are competent
For tickling mouses- ears
And tool-high lobs are brute enough
To bring forth bridal tears;
But the velper that's ambitious
To enact heroic roles
Must be of such proportions
As to stretch the roomiest holes;
And with dornicks so proficient
That when they cease to spout
The lady cannot pee the dose,
But has to cough it out.

This tool of his was one foot long
And had three corners to it;
Its beveled velvet head stood up
When in the mood to do it;
And as it stood, and breathed, and purred,
It murmured sort o' sadly,
What woman, if she felt at all
But hankered for it madly?
And then those cods, when dainty hands
In amorous dalliance squeezed 'em,
They'd throw a stream which, ladies say,
Beyond all telling, pleased 'em.

This monumental penis had
Frigged through all creation,
The jibby, bouser, beagle,
Bawd of every nation;
The courtesan, the concubine,
The siren and the harlot,
The widow in her grassy-weeds,
The splatter-dash in scarlet;
The madam in her drawing-room,
With social homage honored;
The wash-ee wash-ee almond-eye
Whose quim is cat-a-cornered.

From Colorado in the west
To Mannheim in the east
(And that's a goodly distance—
Six thousand miles, at least),
This prick had mown a swath of twats
Of every size and age,
So numerous I could not write
Their number on this page.
Where'er he went he left behind
A gory, gummy trail
Of lacerated, satiated,
Ripped female tail.

'Twas to the bearer of this tool
That Limousin applied
For the pleasant little service
That he'd never yet denied;
And when she asked him "Voulez?"
He was fly enough to see
He would have to meet a crisis,
So, he bravely answered "Oui!"
A crisis is a crisis, but
A French one, we've heard tell,
Out-crises all crises,
And that is simply hell.

He modestly unfolded
His Brobdignagian prick,
And hit that foreign madam's thing
Just one gosh-awful lick;
She gave a gruesome tremor
And shrieked a loud "Mon Dieu!"
Her eyeballs rolled up in her head,
Her lips turned black and blue;
But there she lay and sozzled
'Til he pumped her full, and then
He went out and hired a doctor
To sew her up again.



NECESSITY

The mother of invention,
And the *father of bastards*.

THE WILLING LOVER

She lay up to the navel bare
And was a willing lover;
Expecting between hope and fear
When I would come and cover.

Her hand beneath my waistband slips
To grope in busy-wise,
Which caused a trembling in her lips
And shivering in her eyes.

Her breasts then, both panting, were
Such comfort wrought between us
That all the world, I dare to swear,
Would envy to have seen us.

Her belly and its provender
For me was kept in store;
Such things to see, and not to share,
Would have made a man a whore.

Her legs were girt about my waist,
My hands beneath her crupper;
And it seemed to say "Now, break your fast,
And come again to supper."

"My dear," said she, "why do you make
So much haste to your rear?
Don't you know, that for your sake,
The fair lasts all the year?"

Quiet and calm as are love's streams,
I wound myself about her;
But, pox upon true jests and dreams—
I had better have lain without her.

THE LOST GARTER

As I went down to Osbury town upon a market day,
By chance I spied a lady, a lady on her way;
She was going to market with her butter, eggs and cream,
So we jogged along together, together on the green.

Jogging with this pretty maid, while jogging by her side,
By chance I spied her garter, her garter was untied;
For fear that she would lose it, I resolved to tell her so—
Says I, "My dear young lady, your garter's hanging low."

"Oh, since you've been so kind, since you've been so free,
Oh, since you've been so kind, won't you tie it up for me?"
"I will, yes, I will, when we get to yonder hill,"
And we jogged along together, together on the green.

On reaching the hill, so pleasant was the scene,
On tying up her garter, such a sight was never seen;
She rolled up her lily-white robes and I rolled in between,
And we jogged along together, boys, together on the green.

Going on to market, her butter and eggs were sold—
But the losing of her maidenhead, it made her blood run cold;
"Oh, it's gone, let it go; he's the man that I adore—
For he's a fucking son-of-a-bitch and I'm a little whore."



THE WEDDING

A certain Presbyterian pair
Were wed the other day;
And when in bed the lambs were laid
The parson came to pray.

And then with Puritanic air
He said, with lifted eyes,
"Blest of the Lord! With one accord
Begin your enterprise."

The bridegroom then drew near his spouse
To apply prolific balm;
And while they strove in mutual love
The parson sang a psalm.

SOCRATIC LOVE

The story goes that Socrates,
That wise Athenian codger,
Carried, concealed, about his clothes
A rara avis dodger,
Wherewith he used, as he felt
Particularly nippy,
To ransack holes that did not
Appertain to his Zantippe.

Young Alciabiades, they say,
Was such a pink of fashion
As to excite old Socrates
Into a flame of passion,
Which spurred him not Zantippe-wards
To coddle and to hug 'er,
But filled him with a violent
And lewd desire to bugger.

Now wit ye well that in those parts
'Twas not considered nasty
For sage philosophers to turn
Their tools to pederasty.
The sapient Plato, whom they called
In those old times, the Master,
Did know a Tergo, as they say,
A pretty boy—Hight Aster.

And old Diogenes, who thrived
By raising of the dickens,
Was want to occupy all bums
From pupils down to chickens,
Whilst that revered and austere man,
The great and pious Solon,
Did penetrate a Thracian youth
Unto his transverse colon.

In short, it was the usual thing
For horny Greeks to diddle
This gummy vent, instead of that
With which the ladies piddle.

Now, Alcibiades was tall
And straight as any arrow;
His buttocks thrilled old Socrates
Unto his very marrow.
No hairs as yet profaned the vale
That cleft those globes asunder;
No hairs to stay the fetid breath
Of bogborymal thunder.

No hairs to interrupt the course
Of his diurnal ordure,
And gather from that excrement
A rank dilberrie bordure.
His Sphincter Ani was as fair a band,
So Socrates protested,
As ever kept one's victuals in,
Or passed them undigested.

No hemorrhoids had ever marred
Its soft and sensuous beauty,
And on its virgin folds, no prick
Had spent its pleasing duty.
Like some sweet bud it nested there,
The winds blew gently through it;
Scenting the breeze, old Socrates
More madly longed to do it.

But Alcibiades was wont
To make absurd objection
When Socrates proposed the scheme
Of forming a connection;
The youth conceived the childish whim
That buggery was nasty,
And kept the horny, old
Philosopher from being hasty.

And so he grew from day to day,
His bum waxed hourly fatter;
And Socrates was nearly dead
To get at that fecal matter.
It so befell that on a day
In sweaty summer weather,
They walked into the Acropolis
Quite casually together.

And as they walked, the youth bent down
To tie his sandal laces—
They always come unloosed, you know,
At meanest times and places;
And as he stooped he lifted high,
And left without protection,
The virgin tract of his lower gut,
From pod to sigmoid flexion.

For weeks and months old Socrates
Had had a priapism,
His pond'rous cods, a sight for gods,
Were both surcharged with gism.
Seeing that bum, and this first chance,
He made up his mind to spot 'em,
So he hit 'em a lick with his Attick prick,
And occupied Alcy's bottom.

In vain the poor Athenian boy
Begged, bellowed, pissed and farted;
Full twenty minutes lapsed before
His friend and he were parted.
And while old Socrates explored
The tantalizing glories
Of rugae and of plicae
And of quivering levatores.

The victim of his lust cried out,
"Ehue, that all in vain I
Should to this hour have kept intact
My rosy Sphincter Ani;
Fool, that I was, to keep it sweet
And clean for this old dodger,
With his three-cornered velper
And his greasy balls to rodger.

"Why did I not yield up my charms
To Xenophon's embraces
As I have had the chance to do
At divers times and places?
Why not have given up my wealth
Of callipygous treasure
To handsome Cimon's burning lust
Or Pious Plato's pleasure?

“How would these men have gloried
In my coy and virgin rectum,
With nary a thought of vagrant dung
Or cundums to protect them;
But now, ye gods, this lecherous goat
With sardonic skullduggery
Doth rive my arse in twain with his
Incarnate god of buggery.

“And when he pulls his pintel out,
With which just now he shuts in
The sigh my liver longs to vent,
How shall I keep my guts in?”

Thus railed the youth against the fate
That threatened to undo him;
But Soc, all heedless of his cries,
Right briskly socked it to him.
He packed his sperm so firmly
In that colon soft and callow
That when thereafter Alcy pooped,
The poop was mostly tallow.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

A Parody

How dear to my heart is the old-fashioned harlot,
When fond recollections present her to view;
The madam, the whore-house, and beer by the car-lot,
And e'en the delight of the old-fashioned screw.
You may talk as you like of these new innovations
Imported from France, and of which I've heard tell;
But give me the natural, carnal sensations
Of the old-fashioned harlot whose surname was Belle.

SNAPOO

Oh madam, oh madam, your daughter's too fine—
Snapoo!

Oh madam, oh madam, your daughter's too fine
To sleep with a soldier from over the Rhine—

Tap o tappater and van de go tater,
And shaker snap peter snapoo!

Oh mother, oh mother, I'm not too fine—
Snapoo!

Oh, mother, oh mother, I'm not too fine
To sleep with a soldier from over the Rhine—

CHORUS

Oh mother, oh mother, he's teasing me—
Snapoo!

Oh mother, oh mother, he's teasing me,
He's tickling the hole I use for to pee—

CHORUS

Oh mother, oh mother, he's on me yet—
Snapoo!

Oh mother, oh mother, he's on me yet—
And if he don't stop, I will certainly shit—

CHORUS

Eight months rolled by and the ninth did pass—
Snapoo!

Eight months rolled by and the ninth did pass,
And a little Dutch soldier marched out of her ass—

CHORUS

The little Dutch soldier grew and grew—
Snapoo!

The little Dutch soldier grew and grew,
And now he's chasing the chippies too—

CHORUS

THE KHAN OF KUSPIDOR

In India, in royal state,
Dwelt an illustrious potentate.
When he would pass, the throngs would roar,
"Behold the Khan of Kuspidor!"
With mighty chest and skin of yellow,
He was a most imposing fellow;
And when, in his regalia dressed,
Diamonds and rubies spanned his chest.
To care for his domestic duties
He kept a thousand brunette beauties,
Who swarmed around his royal knees
Living a life of royal ease.
It kept his massive bollocks busy
Running the gamut from Maud to Lizzie,
And when he took his royal pleasure
The juice would fill a gallon measure.
The mass of hard-on that he carried,
He'd plunge in every puss he married,
Or, to the horror of his harem,
He'd wave it at 'em just to scare 'em.
Tho' strong and valorous in his might,
The Khan would rather frig than fight—
His dames acclaimed with one accord,,
"The prick is mightier than the sword!"
Each night the Khan would hit his bed
He'd have a fresh-trapped maidenhead,
Which, after fondling with his finger,
He'd finish with his hairy stinger.
No dusky damsel dodged his wiles:
He could smell a cunt a thousand miles.
Sometimes the Khan would play the fool
And let a lady lip his tool,
But, "After all," he used to say,
"I like the good old-fashioned way."
But time went on, the story said,
And rebellion reared its horrid head:
And all of the people to a man
Went out one night and rushed the Khan.
And now those people bow no more
Unto the Khan of Kuspidor.
'Tis said he's way down deep in Hades
Running his red-hot tool in ladies!

THE RAVEN

Sequel

'Twas the fourteenth of December
But more clearly I'll remember
The morning of December twenty-four—
Sequel of ten days before.

All that's left of what passed between us
Is one poor infected penis;
Dropping, red and retrospective,
Penitent and very sore.

And that penis began dripping,
And still is dripping, dripping, dripping,
Every morning, every evening,
Dripping on the bathroom floor.

And I murmur vows forgotten
Every time I change the cotton;
No more rapping, no more tapping
No more rapping any more,
No, never, nevermore!



THE OLD-FASHIONED HARLOT

How dear to my heart was the old-fashioned harlot
As she lay outstretched on her sumptuous bed,
While I, an impetuous horny young varlet,
Drove my dink to the hub in her spoiled maidenhead;
With her musk and her smile and her very bad grammar
She had cast over me quite a Paphian spell,
And I dearly delighted to fondle and cram her,
This old-fashioned harlot whose surname was Belle.

How dear to my heart was the old-fashioned harlot
Whose regular price was five dollars a leap—
I was really quite fond of those women in scarlet
With whom I was wont, on occasion, to sleep;
You may sing as you please of the old-fashioned bucket
That hung or that swung in the moss-girdled well,
But give me a strumpet with leisure to fuck it
Like the old-fashioned harlot whose surname was Belle.

THE HORSE SONG

In a stable far away
Lives a little horse of grey,
All day long he sits in a stall;
Now, listen, folks; that ain't all!

Bright and early every day
We feed this little horse of grey;
Give him a little grain, bran and oats
And throw in a little hay.

That makes pretty little horse manure,
Ninety per cent is pure;
See the little birdies, picking on the turdies,
Pretty little horse manure.

Then we hitched the little horse to a cart
And off to town we'd start;
A mile from home, he let out a groan,
And sometimes a big juicy fart.

Then we called for a girl in town,
By the time the horse's legs were brown
By a babbling brook we did sit
Where the doggone horse began to shit.

Then I drove her home to her door,
And it made me so darn sore,
As we sat in the cart, he let another fart,
And then began to shit some more.

Then he let out his big long bone;
As he let out his big long bone,
Started to piss, started to fart,
Shit all over the god-dam' cart.

So the very next day
We gave the little horse away;
So there's no more turdies for the little birdies;
No more horse manure.

LIMERICKS

The cabin-boy's name was Tripper,
They called him "Naughty Nipper";
 He filled his ass
 With a lot of cracked glass,
And circumcized the skipper.



There was an old girl in Devises
Whose twat had been several sizes;
 Once it was small,
 Of no use at all,
But now it takes several prizes.



There was a young lady from Lea,
Who screwed a big chimpanzee;
 The result was quite horrid,
 All balls and no forehead,
Red ass and a purple J.T.



There was a heathen Chinee
Who went up the alley to "plee";
 Said the heathen Chinee,
 "My plickee won't plee;
Gee Cli, god-damme, clappe, cordee!"



There was a young girl from Detroit,
Who at fucking was quite adroit;
 She'd contract her vagina
 To a pinpoint or finer,
Or widen it out like a quoit.



There was a young lady named White
Found herself in a terrible plight;
 A fellow named Tucker
 Struck 'er, the fucker!
The bugger! The bastard! The shite!

LIMERICKS

There was a man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent;
 So to save himself trouble
 He put it in double
And when he came he went.



There was a young man from Larue
Who had nothing else to do;
 So he went to the garret
 And stayed with the parrot
And gave the results to the zoo.



There was a young man named Paul
Whose dick was so exceedingly small
 That he buggered a bug
 On the edge of a rug
And the bug didn't know it at all!



There was an old maid of Twickenham
Who took all the jocks without pickin' 'em;
 She knelt on the sod
 And prayed to her God
To lengthen and strengthen and thicken 'em.



There was a young man from Cape Horn
Who wished he had never been born;
 Nor would he have been
 If his parents had seen
That the end of the rubber was torn.



There was an old man from Roop
Had lost control of his poop;
 While dining one day
 His good wife did say,
"Stop making that noise with your soup!"

LIMERICKS

I am the King of Siam,
For women I don't give a damn;
 You may think it odd of me,
 But I prefer sodomy;
What a hell of a bugger I am!



There was a young lady of Wheeling
Said to her beau, "I've a feeling
 My little brown jug
 Has need of a plug"—
And straightaway she started to peeling.



There was a young maid of Klepper
Went out one night with a stepper;
 And now in dismay
 She murmurs each day,
"His pee-pee was made of red-pepper!"



There was a young lady in Brent,
When her old man's pecker it bent,
 She said wit a sigh,
 "Oh, why must it die?
Let's fill it with Portland cement!"



There was an old codger named Pitt,
Said, "I've knocked up my wife quite a bit;
 Said a girl with a smile,
 "That's not your style;
You can't knock 'em up with spit."



There was a young lady named May
Frigged herself in the hay,
 She bought a pickle,
 One for a nickel,
And wore all the warts away.

LIMERICKS

There was a young fellow—a banker,
Had bubo, itch, pox and chancre;
He got all the four
From a dirty old whore,
So he wrote her a letter to thank her.



There was a young man of Datchet,
Who cut off his prick with a hatchet;
Then very politely
He sent it to Whitely,
And ordered a cunt that would match it.



There was a young man of Vinsizes,
Whose bollocks were different sizes;
His prick, when at ease,
Hung down to his knees;
Now, what must it be when it rises?



There was an old bird of Dundee
Who went on a hell of a spree;
He wound up the clock
With the end of his cock
And diddled his wife with the key.



There was a young woman of Lynn
Whose mother would keep her from sin;
So she filled up her crack
With cement and shellac,
But the men took it out with a pin.



Love letters no longer they write us,
To their homes they so seldom invite us;
It grieves me to say
They have learned with dismay
We can't cure their vulva pruritis.

LIMERICKS

There was a young girl from Lancaster
Who'd do anything anybody asked her;
 But when she got spliced
 She got so high-priced
Only Jesus H. Christ and John Jacob Astor.



There was a young girl named LeHay,
Who was put in the family way
 By the mate of a lugger,
 An ignorant bugger,
Who always spelled cunt with a K.



There was a young fellow named Charteris,
Put his hand where his young lady's garteris;
 Said she, "I don't mind;
 Up higher you'll find
The place where my pisser and farteris."



There was an old lady from France
Who hopped a train in a trance;
 The engineer fucked her,
 So did the conductor,
And the brakeman went off in his pants.



There was a young man of Tagore
Who had just an inch, no more;
 'Twas all right for keyholes
 And little girls' pee-holes,
But it wasn't so good for a whore.



There was a young fellow named Buckingham
Wrote a pamphlet on women and fuckingham;
 But a clever young Turk
 Eclipsed this great work
With a volume on assholes and suckingham.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD

Much has been said of strumpets of yore,
Of Lais whole volume, of Messaline more;
But I sing one lewder than e'er before,
Which nobody can deny.

At length Mr. Foppling made her his bride,
But found (to bring down his ambition and pride)
Her fortune but narrow, and her cunt very wide,
Which he himself can't deny.

For when he grew sapless, she gave him her blessing,
And lef him to painting, to patching, and dressing,
But first dubb'd him cuckold, a strange way of jesting,
Which nobody can deny.

And now she is free to swive where she pleases,
And whene'er she swives she catters diseases,
And a shanker's a damned loving thing where it seizes,
Which nobody can deny.

To scower the town is her darling delight,
In breaking of windows, to cratch, and to fight,
And to lie with her own brawny footman at night,
Which she herself cant' deny.

Who, though they eternally pizzle her britch,
Can't allay the wild rage of her lech'rous itch,
Which proves our good lady a monstrous bitch,
Which they themselves can't deny.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she was gone
A bitch came along,
And the dog got a bone of his owne.

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

Oh, the bards they sing of an English king
Who lived yong years ago;
And he ruled his land with an iron hand,
But his mind was weak and low.
He was used to hunt the royal stag
Within his royal wood,
But 'twas none but knew that his greatest sport
Was pulling his royal pud.

And his nether garb was a woolen shirt
Which used to hide his hide;
But this undershirt couldn't hide the dirt
That no one could abide.
He was wild and wooly and full of fleas
That humans ne'er could stand;
And his terrible dong to his knees hung down—
The Bastard King of England!

Now the Queen of Spain was an amorous dame,
A sprightly dame was she,
And she longed to fool with His Majesty's tool,
So far across the sea.
So she sent a note to the dirty king
By her royal messenger,
And requested His Majesty's sailing to Spain
To spend a month with her.

But when Philip of France got the news one day,
He turned to all his court
And he said, "My fair queen prefers this clown
Because my tool is short."
So he sends abroad Marquis Siphylissap,
Who smacked of fairyland,
To supply the queen with a dose of clap
To trap our dear old England.

Then the news of this filthy deed was heard
In Windsor's merry halls,
And the king did swear he would have anon
The Frenchman's greasy balls.
So he offered the half of all his lands,
And the whole of Queen Hortense
To the trusty lord of his English court
Who'd nut the King of France.

So the loyal Duke of Essexshire
Betook himself to France;
When he swore he was a fruiter, the king
Took down his royal pants;
Then around his prong he tied a thong
And gayly galloped along
'Til at last in Windsor's merry halls
Was the Frenchman and his dong.

And the king threw up, and he shit his pants,
For in the lengthy ride
The thong had stretched by a yard or more
The Frenchman's pride.
And then all the ladies of London town
Who saw the mighty stand,
Cried aloud, "To hell with the English crown,"
And made Philip King of England.



THE TALE OF THE KANGAROO

A Parody

Some die of drinking whiskey,
Some die of drinking beer,
Some die of diabetes,
Some die of diarrhoea.

But of all the dread diseases
The one that I most fear,
Is the drip, drip, drip, and drop, drop, drop
Of the god-dam' gonorrhea.

VENUS UNMASKED

Of jolly rakes, and pleasing dames,
Of claps, mishaps, and teasing pains,
That do from Venus spring:
Of love, and every sad effect,
Which wanton jilts and fools neglect,
My muse intends to sing.

These common jades that make a trade
In humoring every lustful blade,
They're like Pandora's Box;
Whene'er they hug men in their arms,
With their deluding, 'ticing charms,
Out flies a clap or a pox.

Nay, she that scorns to sin for bread,
But squeaks and blushes like a maid
When men attempt their joys;
Her eager look yet may by chance
Contract that old disease of France,
Though madam seems so coy.

The lordly beau that keeps his miss,
More safely to enjoy his bliss
When love excites his taste;
The wealthy dame that does depend
Upon her dear and chosen friend,
May both be stung at last.

The statesman and the statesman's tool,
The zealous wise man, and the fool,
Are all to love inclined;
Great ladies stray, as well as they,
And those that pray three times a day
A sinful hour will find.

Since all degrees of human kind,
The rich, the poor, the lame, the blind,
The Queen of Love adore;
But when their veins are numbed and cold,
They all grow angry when they're old,
Because they can sin no more.

Since that all trading sparks and dames
Are subject to venereal flames,
As doctors do agree,
All you that suck the poison in,
When pins and needles make ye grin,
I pray repair to me.

At —— both the rich and poor
May find a safe and speedy cure,
In every sad degree;
Go east, go south, go west, in vain;
N —— the man must ease your pain,
Tho' desperate your case be.

Altho' from foot unto the head,
Like unto Lazarus you're spread
With filthy ulcers round,
My remedies will purge your veins,
Heal up your sores, assuage your pains,
And make you perfect sound.



TO MY FRIENDS

A man may kiss his wife goo-bye,
The rose may kiss the butterfly,
The wine may kiss the frosted glass,
And you, my friends, may kiss my ass.

THE HAMBURG SHOW

Ladies and gents, are you ready? Larry, turn the crank:

CHORUS: *Sing—*

For we're going to the Hamburg Show,
See the monkey and the wild kangaroo,
And we'll all stick together
In all sorts of weather,
For we're gonna see the whole show through.

Recite—

And in the next cage, we have the South American
Llama who roams the wild mountain ranges
Of the Andes, leaping from precipice
To precipice, and back to piss again.

CHORUS

Recite—

And in the next cage we have the Australian ostrich
Who, when frightened, sticks his head
Deep down in the desert sand and farts—
Hence the antipodal trade-winds.

CHORUS

Recite—

And in the next cage, we have the spotted leopard
Who has a spot for each day of the year.
You ask, lady, what he does in leap year?
Under his tail, madam, you will find the extra spot.

CHORUS

Recite—

And in the next cage, we have the hippopotamus
Who has a square ass-hole and eats mud.
Every time he shits he shits bricks,
Hence the pyramids and Stanford University.

CHORUS

Recite—

And in the next cage, we have the elephant
Who, strange enough, holds intercourse
But once each hundreds years; but when—he—do—
He DO!—and how he does enjoy it!

CHORUS

Recite—

And in the next cage, we have the rhinoceros,
The wealthiest animal alive. His name comes from
Rhino, meaning money; and sore-ass, meaning piles—
Hence, piles of money. See his ass in the bank.

CHORUS



SHE AMUSES

Give me the wench that's like a tench
In holding up her belly
For to receive, and to conceive
The most heroic jelly.

She may be bold—hang her that's cold;
Give me the girl that stands to't,
And when it's lank, does advance her flank
And lay a helping hand to't.

To make it rise between her thighs
And firk her is a pleasure;
Tho' he be stout he ne'er comes out
But he wants of his measure.

If he have a yard it will be hard
If he half a one produces;
When he's so short you may thank her for't,
Oh, these are gross abuses.

MORE LIMERICKS

There was an old man named Grasty
Whose favorite sport was ass-ty;
 He'd bugger with joy
 Any innocent boy,
But thought fornication was nasty.



There was a young man from Yale
Who was exceedingly pale;
 He spent his vacation
 In self-masturbation,
Because of the high price of tail.



There was an old maid from Racine
Who invented a fucking machine;
 Concave or convex,
 To suit either sex,
And remarkably easy to clean.



There once was a man of St. Clair,
Who tried to bugger a bear;
 But the nasty old brute
 Took a snatch at his root,
And left nothing but bollocks and hair.



There once was a maid of Constanza
And her box it was big as Bonanza;
 It was nine inches deep
 And the sides were quite steep—
It had whiskers like General Carranza.



There was a young lady named May
Who frigged herself in the hay;
 She bought a pickle,
 One for a nickel,
And wore all the warts away!

RING DANG DOO

O Ring-dang-doo, pray what is that,
So soft and warm like a pussy cat,
So warm and round and split in two?
She said it was her Ring-dang-doo.

She took me down into her cellar,
She said I was a damn' fine feller;
She fed me wine and whiskey, too,
And let me play with her Ring-dang-doo.

"You dam' little fool," her mother said,
"You've gone and lost your maiden-head;
So pack your trunk, and your suitcase, too,
And go to hell with your Ring-dang-doo."

She went to town and became a whore,
And hung a sign outside her door,
"One dollar down, or less will do,
To take a bang at my Ring-dang-doo."

They came by twos, they came by fours,
Until at last they came by scores,
But she was glad when they were through,
For they had ruined her Ring-dang-doo.

And now she lies beneath the sod,
Her soul, they say, has gone to God;
But down in hell, when Satan's blue,
He takes a crack at her Ring-dang-doo.



I'D BE SATISFIED WITH LIFE

A Parody

All I want is fifty thousand women,
Giving all their earnings right to me;
And then I want a harem of good-lookers—
If all the girls on Mason Street
Would only be right true to me—
If I only had just fifty tons of yen-she;
If I never thought I had to go
To Byron Hot Springs, then I know
That I'd be satisfied with life!

THE NIGHT OF THE KING'S CASTRATION

'Twas the night of the king's castration,
All the counts and the no-counts were there;
When the ladies went a-rear for libation
And there tossed they huge gobs of manure.

Then there came to the court one night Daniel:
"You're a son-of-a-bitch," said the king,
"You're a son-of-a-bitch," said Daniel—
Calling kings sons-of-sluts was common then.

But the king was mightily wrought,
And his snot flung into the soup.
Then ordering his minions brought,
He had Daniel cast unto the lions.

Any man would have died of fright,
But not Daniel, who boldly strode forth,
Grabbed a lion's left nut very tight,
And mightily squeezed all his worth.

Then the lion cried, "Ouch, it tickles."
"May I ask you what tickles," said Daniel.
Said the lion, "My dear boy, "testicles"—
And he laughed 'til he was dead.

On the next day the court assembled
In the great amphitheatre,
And the king and his court had gambled
Many rupees of the realm.

Then the king missed his fair queen,
And he called for the lord chancellor:
"Pray, where is the queen, thou old bean?
She should be at our party today."

Then the lord high chancellor responded,
"She beshiteth herself in the crapper."
"Is there plenty of bungwad suspended
On the royal nail for her ass?"

"She hath four and twenty ream
Of the finest tissue made."
"Tis well, sir, let none e'er dream
Royal ass ever touched a corncob."

And the king went to the locker
Where his private crapper stood,
And he shit three pounds of butter—
And earned the name of King Dairyass.

At the end of his mighty crapping,
On his way to his dignified court,
He looked down where the lions were scrapping
And espied our Daniel alive.

"How's tricks in the hole?" said the king.
"What hole?" says Daniel. "Asshole," says the king.
"Suck it," says Daniel. And the judge
Declared the drinks were on the king.

Once more the king asked for the queen
And a smart young prick spoke up:
"She lies with the jester, sire," he said,
"And the biggest liar's a slut!"

The queen came sweeping down the hall;
"Greetings, Lord of the Sod," she said.
"What sod do you mean?" cried out the king.
"Lord of the sodomy," she said.

"And as for you," she added then,
"You're not so much to me, you see,
For I could be a king if I had to——"
"Two what?" he cried! "Balls!" answered she.

So then they had a foreskin race,
Where length and trigger-speed both counted.
"Daniel! Come forth!" said the king with his face;
And Daniel came fifth and lost the race!



THE DARING FLY

The little fly flew by the door,
Then flew into the grocery store;
He shit on the cheese, and shit on the ham,
Then he wiped his feet on the grocery man.

When the grocery man saw what he had done,
He went and loaded his gattling-gun;
Then he chased that fly all over the place,
And tried to shoot him square in the face.

But the little fly was awfully slick;
He showed the grocery man a trick.
He flew all around the store, and then
Went over and shit on the ham again.

And when he had finished his dirty work,
He went over and lit on the lady clerk;
And he climbed up her leg 'way past her knee,
And tickled her so she laughed with glee.

He fluttered so fast he made her sigh,
And she softly murmured, "Oh my, oh my!"
Then she closed her legs and held her breath,
And the poor little fly was smothered to death.

THE GROOVING OF DAN McGREW

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
In one of the Yukon halls;
The kid who handles the music box
Was steadily scratching his balls.

The Fargo Kid had his hand on the box
Of the lady that's known as Lou,
While down on the floor on top of a whore
Lay Dangerous Dan McGrew.

When out of the night as dark as a bitch,
And into the din of the hall,
Stepped a shaggy old prick, just up from the creek,
With a rusty old load in his pole.

As he shouldered his way through the flea-bitten crowd,
He clutched at the crotch of his pants,
And looked like a man with a dose of clap
Every time he moved his leg.

His face was as red as a baboon's ass,
As the passion within him burned;
Then he lugged out his cock to display to the flock
And everyone's asshole squirmed.

In his ragged clothes, he stood ready to hose
Any bitch that came his way.
As he dangled his Larry with calloused hand
And howled that he wanted to play.

The the lights went out and he dashed to the floor,
And the stranger into the dock;
His aim was true and the sparks they flew
As his prick found the mark.

Then with might and main, the screams of pain
As a man's voice filled the room;
With sighs and moans and farts and groans
Their forms stretched out on the floor.

The lights came on and the stranger arose,
A satisfied look on his pan;
And there on the floor, with his asshole tore,
Lay poor old corn-holed Dan.



IN MOBILE

Oh, the men they wash the dishes in Mobile,
Oh, the men they wash the dishes in Mobile,
Oh, the men they wash the dishes
And they dry them on their britches,
Oh, the dirty sons-of-bitches in Mobile!

The cows they all are dead in Mobile,
The cows they all are dead in Mobile,
The cows they all are dead,
So they milk the bulls instead,
Because babies must be fed in Mobile!

Oh, they teach the babies tricks in Mobile,
Oh, they teach the babies tricks in Mobile,
Oh, they teach the babies tricks,
And by the time that they are six,
They suck their fathers' pricks in Mobile!

Oh, the eagles they fly high in Mobile,
Oh, the eagles they fly high in Mobile,
Oh, the eagles they fly high
And from 'way up in the sky,
They shit squarely in your eye, in Mobile!

THE CRAB

Last night as I was walking home
I saw a little crab
And he was sitting on a stone,
Singing, "Tu-ree-eye, tu-ree-eye-die!"

Says I to him, "That's a funny place to be,"
So I put him in my pocket,
And I took him home with me,
Singing, "Tu-ree-eye, tu-ree-eye-die!"

When I got there, my wife was in bed,
So I put him in the pisspot
That's underenath the bed,
Singing, "Tu-ree-eye, tu-ree-eye-die!"

My wife got up for to do her little do,
And the crab was in the pisspot,
As I was telling you,
Singing, "Tu-ree-eye, tu-ree-eye-die!"

"Holy Saint Patrick! Tho' it is Sunday morn,
There's a devil in the pisspot
And he's shoving in his horn,"
Singing, "Tu-ree-eye, tu-ree-eye-die!"

I got up, as you, no doubt, suppose,
And the god-damned bastard,
He grabbed me by the nose,
Singing, "Tu-ree-eye, tu-ree-eye-die!"

"My dear," says I, "can't you let a little fart,
And blow this damned bastard
And my nose apart?"
Singing, "Tu-ree-eye, tu-ree-eye-die!"

"My dear," says she, "I will try and do my bit,"
And, I'll be god-damned,
She filled my face with shit,
Singing, "Tu-ree-eye, tu-ree-eye-die!"

HE'LL WIN IN A WALK, B'JESUS

An old sport lounged in a grandstand chair,
There was dung in his whiskers and hay in his hair,
And his voice rang hoarse on the sultry air,

“He'll win in a walk, b'Jesus.

“Just wait 'til you see them turn him loose,
He'll go through the field like shit through a goose,
Just as easy as an ace takes a deuce,

He'll win in a walk, b'Jesus.

“His breeding is right, he can't go slow,
He's out of Black Bess by Hungry Joe.
Of that bunch of skates he'll sure make a show,

And he'll win in a walk, b'Jesus.

“I ain't got no money, but if I was rich
I'd go dead broke on that son-of-a-bitch,
When he gets going he'll make them itch,

He'll win in a walk, b'Jesus.

“They've sen 'em away, gave him the worst of the start,
It won't make no difference, he don't care a fart;
The suckers are yellow, but he's game; got a heart—

And he'll win in a walk, b'Jesus.

“From the nineteenth position, 'way out in the grass,
Where the weeds are so tall they tickle his ass,
He's nosed out of place by Scotch Highland Lass,

But he'll win in a walk, b'Jesus.

“They've swung to the stretch and the bastard is third,
He worked up to second, now he slipped on a turd;
He's slipped in the ditch, the son-of-a-bitch—

And he wasn't in it, b'Jesus!”

DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY, STRANGER

Don't look at me that way, stranger—
I didn't shit in your seat;
I've just come down from the mountains
And my balls are covered with gleet.

I've been up in the Lehigh Valley—
Me an' me old pal Lou,
A-pimpin' for a whore-house,
And a god-damned fine one, too.

It was there that I first fucked Nellie,
She was the village belle;
I was only a low-down pander,
But I loved the girl like hell!

But along comes a city slicker,
All handsome and gay and rich,
And he stole away my Nellie,
The stinkin' son-o-a-bitch!

I'm just restin' my ass a moment,
And then I'm on my way;
I'll get the runt that swiped my cunt
If it takes 'til judgment day!



GOOSEY BILL

We buried our old friend Bill today,
A companion of pipe and bowl,
We've been on so many a drunk together;
Damn his good old soul!

I always had Bill bested
When it came to drinking booze,
But the man who could beat Bill fishing,
Never walked in a pair of shoes.

It wasn't the booze that killed old Bill,
Nor the girls that took away his breath,
But a fly crawled up his old red ass,
And ticked poor Bill to death.

THE YOUNGEST CHILD

She lay stark naked, 'tween the sheets,
So nice and fat and chubby;
And I myself beside her lay,
My hand upon her bubby.

I kissed her lips in crazy glee,
And 'neath her chin did tuck her;
Our thighs did intermingle,
And I began to fuck her.

"Pull out!" she cried, "Pull out, pull out!
Or I'll get into trouble."

I *did*, and on her snow-white breast
That stream did squirt and bubble.

I looked into her frightened face,
And into laughter burst;
I said, "That is the youngest child
That you have ever nursed."

She scooped it up with one fair hand,
And with a glad "Ha-ha!"
She threw the load into my face
And said, "Child, go kiss your Pa!"



MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to the barn one day,
For eggs she was to hunt;
It stuck its nose beneath her clothes
To get a whiff of cunt.

Now, Mary was a naughty girl
And didn't give a damn;
She let him have another whiff
And killed the god-damned lamb.

DIRTY LONG JOHN

Dirty Long John was a gambling man,
 Dirty Old Long John,
He frazzed all the whores,
In the old crapping can,
 Dirty Old Long John;
He frazzed all the whores in this old town
And then on the landlady commenced going down;
He said, "Give me time, and I'll bring you around;
 Dirty Old Long John.

Dirty Long John went over the loop,
 Dirty Old Long John;
He buggared a nanny-goat
On the back stoop,
 Dirty Old Long John;
He shoved and pushed 'til his pecker was sore,
But "Nan" didn't care, she hollered for more,
Like a little dog wiping his ass on the floor,
 Dirty Old Long John.

Dirty Long John got a nice dose of clap,
 Dirty Old Long John,
It came from a nigger wench
Who straddled his lap,
 Dirty Old Long John;
He was ate up with "syph" from collar to sox,
And he went to the Springs to get rid of the pox,
But he lost his manhood and had to suck cocks,
 Dirty Old Long John.



WOMEN, WOMEN

Women, women! What a blessing,
 You can shit without undressing,
While us men—poor sons of bitches,
 Have to undress—or shit our britches.

A PASTORAL

The shepherd lay in the tall, tall grass,
And his favorite dog lay close to his ass.
Through a hole in his worn, blue overalls
A toothless ewe was licking his balls.

A magpie sat on the fence close by
And gazed on the scene with a watchful eye;
His gun went off—and the old ewe quit;
The hound-dog yelped—and the magpie shit!



THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE FLY

A grasshopper and a fly
Were quarreling heatedly;
It was an argument
About—about priority;

The fly to the 'hopper said:
"From a mighty race I spring;
Bright Phoebus was my Dad, and
I eat and drink with a king."

Said the 'hopper to the fly:
"Are such BUMS still preferred?
Your father might be of high degree,
But your mother was just a turd."



TULANE

O, Harvard is run by Princeton,
And Princeton is run by Yale,
And Yale is run by Vassar,
And Vassar's run by tail;
But Tulane is run by stud-horse juice,
They say it's made by hand;
It's the house of clap and syph,
It's the asshole of the land.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBO

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
A dago from I-taly
Walked the streets of Sunny Spain
A-shouting, "Hot tamale!"

CHORUS:

He knew the world was round-o—
His balls hung to the ground-o—
That Dago-bastard-with-the-seven-year-itch,
That syphillitic son-of-a-bitch
Was Christopher Columbo.

Columbo went unto the queen
And asked for ships and cargo,
And said, "I'm a dirty son-of-a-bitch
If I don't bring back Chicago.

CHORUS

Columbo paced upon the deck,
He knew it was his duty,
He laid his wang into his hand
And said, "Ain't that a beauty!"

CHORUS

A little girl walked up the deck
And peeked in through the keyhole;
He knocked her down upon her brown
And shoved it in her peehole.

CHORUS

She sprang aloft, her pants fell off,
The villain still pursued her;
The white of an egg ran down her leg,
The son-of-a-bitch had screwed her.

CHORUS

Each sailor on Columbo's ship
Had each his private knothole,
But Columbo was a superman
And he used a padded porthole.

CHORUS

Columbo had a cabin boy,
He loved him like a brother;
And every night they went to bed
And laid upon each other.

CHORUS

For forty days and forty nights
They sailed in search of booty;
They spied a whore upon the shore—
My God, she was a beauty!

CHORUS

All the men jumped overboard,
A-shedding coats and collars;
In fifteen minutes, by the clock,
She made ten thousand dollars.

CHORUS

Those were the days of no clap-cure;
The doctors were not many—
The only doc' that he could find
Was a son-of-a-bitch named Benny.

CHORUS

Columbo strode up to the doc',
His smile seren and placid—
The god-damned doc' burned off his cock
With hydrochloric acid.

CHORUS

WOULD YOU DO THAT

“Good wife, when your man’s away,
Might I be so bold,
As to come to your bed-chamber
When winter nights are cold?
As to come to your bed-chamber
When nights are cold and wet;
And lie in your hubby’s place—
Would you do that?”

Young man, and if you’d be so kind
When my good man’s from home,
To come to my bed-chamber
Where I lie all alone,
And lie in my hubby’s place,
I’ll tell you what!
He fucks me five times every night—
Would you do that?”



CHRISTMAS IN THE WORK’US

It was Christmas Day in the work’us,
The best day of the year;
An’ the paupers h’all was ’appy
For their guts was full o’ beer.

The master of the work’us
Strode through those dismal ’alls,
An’ wished ’em Merry Christmas,
An’ the paupers h’answered, “Balls!”

This made the master h’angry,
An’ ’e swore by h’all the gods
They’d ’arve no Christmas puddin’,
The lousy lot of sods.

Up sprang a war-scarred vet’ran
’Oo ’ad stormed the Khyber Pass:
“We don’t want yer Christmas puddin’,
Shove it up yer fuckin’ ass!”

BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

"Who's that knocking at my door?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"Who's that knocking at my door?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"It's only me from across the sea,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"It's only me from across the sea,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"I'll come down and let you in,"

Said the fair young maiden.

"I'll come down and let you in,"

Said the fair young maiden.

"Got room in your bed for two?"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Got room in your bed for two?"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"You can sleep between my legs,"

Said the fair young maiden.

"You can sleep between my legs,"

Said the fair young maiden.

"That's what I intended to do,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"That's what I intended to do,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"What's this trickling down my thighs?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"What's this trickling down my thighs?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"It's only a gob, from off me knob,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"It's only a gob, from off me knob,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"And what about my pa and ma?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"And what about my pa and ma?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"Fuck your ma, and bugger your pa,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Fuck your ma, and bugger your pa,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Suppose a child should be born?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"Suppose a child should be born?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"Choke the bastard by the neck,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Thow the son-of-a-bitch in the ditch,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Suppose the policemen should find out?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"Suppose the policemen should find out?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"Fuck the police, they're sons of whores,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Fuck the police, they're sons of whores,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"When will I see you again?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"When will I see you again?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"Never more, you dirty old whore,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

"Never more, you dirty old whore,"

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

THE BALLAD OF GAFFER HEPELTHWAITE

Far inland from the lighthouse where the angry tempests rage
Resides old Gaffer Hepelthwaite who drives the Essex stage,—
A man of many winters and so vigorous withal
That coy spermatozoa still inhabit his left ball.

Alas for Gaffer Hepelthwaite! So virile was his stroke,
So stern and stiff his penis like the mighty Essex oak,
That never yet a maiden did confront his aged e'en
Whose legs he did not yearn to part and place his prong between.

One day the Mayor of Essex town, upon his good roan mare,
Came riding down the turnpike to enjoy the Autumn air,
And with this great official rode his winsome daughter Bess,
Whose passion for Fall atmosphere was but a trifle less.

Trot, trot! Along they cantered. Quoth the Mayor, "Ecod, my lass,
They tell me Gaffer Hepelthwaite can still enjoy his ass."
"O pish!" exclaimed the damosel, and lustily laughed she:
"No fond octogenarian could ever diddle me!"

A rattle interrupted her—a clatter as of feet—
The Essex stage swept into view, the Gaffer in his seat.
"What ho!" the Mayor shouted, "Pause in your headlong flight,
For here's a pretty argument which you can set aright."

They made him explanation and, without the least ado,
This aged, snowy-headed wight his prick brought into view;
The damosel dismounted and the Gaffer climbed on top
And proved the Mayor's contention 'til that worthy ordered, "Stop!"

"Stop, did you say, your worship?" said the Gaffer 'tween his strokes,
Administering to Bessie five final, lusty pokes;
"I pray you, noble gentleman, this order to rescind,
For I find I'm just arriving at my famous second-wind."

'Twas then that Gaffer Hepelthwaite, his penis in the air,
Committed violent outrage on the gentle young roan mare,
And finding that she wearied, next proceeded to engage
The splendid span of animals connected with the stage.

* * * * *

'Twas twilight over Essex town; the damsel and her sire
In the Mayor's habitation were preparing to retire.
"What cheer, my lass?" the father quoth, and, "Cheer enough," quoth she,
"For I shall ride the Essex stage as long as stage there be!"



MINE OWN SWEET HONEY-BIRD

Mine own sweet honey-bird-chuck,
Come and sit thee down by me,
And thou and I will truck
For thy commodity;
The weather is cold and chilly,
And heating will do thee no harm,
I'll put a hot thing in thy belly
To keep thy body warm.

Our landlady hath brought us
All that the house affords,
'Tis time to lay about us,
Then prithee, make no words;
I know thou art young and tender
Although they cunt be rough;
Thy fort if thou'lt to me surrender,
I'll man it well enough.

I find by thy whispering palm-sweat,
And thine eyes like noon,
Thy panting breasts, as thy pulse, beat,
Thou'lt do it to some tune;
Then give thy mind to it, my honey,
Thou shalt never have cause to rue
That ever thou hazardst thy cunny
To one of the jovial crew.

BYE-BYE, BOY FRIEND

Pack up all my underwear,
I'll go bare, I don't care—

Bye-bye, Boy Friend;
He reached up underneath my dress
And there he found a bluebird's nest,
Bye-bye, Boy Friend.

He took me to a cottage in the wildwood
And there he took advantage of my childhood,
He came once and I came twice,
Holy, jumping Jesus Christ,
Boy Friend, Bye-bye!



EVERY DAGO'S GOT A BOY BUT ME

Well, the dagos gave a turnout
At Garibaldi Hall,
The garbage man, the boota black,
The streeta-clean and all;
Old galoop he walka aroun'
And siza opp the gang;
Then he look around some more
And got up and sang:

CHORUS:

Every dago's got a boy but me,
Every dago got a boy upon his knee,
I drinka a lotta a foota juice
And my temper breaka loose;
I'ma joost so mad as I can be,
For every dago's got a boy but me;
'Tilla one a little fella I see,
But he is so dam'a bony,
He eat so mucha macaron,
That I see he's not a bitta use to me.

REPEAT CHORUS:

Now one dago bring a boy to me,
I seet this littla boy righ' on my knee,
He's gotta a nicea fatta cheek,
A nicea a bigga "saucileet."
Now no dago's got a boy like me,
No dago's got a boy like me,
Now no dago's got a boy like me;
His name is Henrietta,
And I stretch his "alagazetta"
'Til he holler, "Holy Cristee, holy gee!"

THE MAN FROM CALCUTTA

There was a young man in Calcutta
Who smothered his anus with butter;
And in it inserted his tool;
'Twas not for pleasure he did it,
Nor yet for position or pelf;
Just to oblige an old friend
Who told him to go and bugger himself.



HOOKSHOP KATE

Did you ever hear of the gruesome fate
That befell the heroine, Hookshop Kate?
Though now she has passed to the Great Beyond
She once was the queen of the demi-monde.
She was not so handsome as looks go
But when it came to jazzing, that gal could go;
And the one pet brag of Hookshop Kate
Was that she'd never met her mate.

When the gold stampede caused a restless mush,
Hookshop Kate got in the rush;
She cast all civilized tools adrift,
For she heard that cocks in the north froze stiff,
And figured that guys with frozen pep
Would never have to watch their step;
For conventional methods were out of date
In a frigging match with Hookshop Kate.

She landed in Fairbanks one winter's night
And issued her challenge to all in sight;
And all the miners who tested her power
Were frigged to a whisper inside an hour;;
And the records show, before spring came,
That every man in town was lame;
For not one could travel the gait
That was set by amorous Hookshop Kate.

With an air of contempt she sallied forth,
And bade farewell to the frozen north.
She headed straight for Hawaii's isles,
Where men were decked in Nature's smiles,
Hoping in vain that the naked truth
Would show her a man with pep and youth.
But alas! she was doomed to the same sad fate,
For none was the equal of Hookshop Kate.

Then the Hawaiians placed her on a throne,
And crowned her queen of the Frigging Zone,
Where she reigned supreme for two short years,
But one morning her subjects found her in tears.
When they asked her the cause she only sighed,
And they knew she longed to be satisfied;
So they resolved to find her a mate
Who could crimp the back of Hookshop Kate.

They inserted a luring, sensuous ad
In the Woman's Monthly, and it had
A very wond'rous quick effect
In bringing news of things erect:
A bookseller came upon the scene
And asked to be ushered to the queen;
For he claimed he knew of a potentate
Who could outfrig great Hookshop Kate.

'Twas a shepherd from a distant isle
Who had never been tempted by woman's wile;
But had spent his life with his wandering flock,
Developing by hand his phenomenal cock.
'Twas a daily thing for him, they said,
To frig sixty sheep e'er he went to bed.
When this happy data reached Hookshop Kate
She sent for this sheepish potentate.

The bookseller found him flat on a rock,
Breaking cocoanuts with his muscular cock,
And he laughed up his sleeve as he placed a bet
On the frigging that Hookshop Kate would get.
He convinced the herder that frigging sheep
Was an action base, profane and cheap;
As a bookseller will, he proved that fate
Had called him to satisfy Hookshop Kate.

When they arrived on Hawaii's shore,
The town was bedecked as never before;
And the band was playing to welcome them in,
And all was in readiness to begin.
The herder and bookseller led the parade,
Followed by virgins and redlight jade,
And the whole procession marched in state
To the very door of Hookshop Kate.

The fray was scheduled for ten o'clock;
Meanwhile the shepherd tuned up his jock
By trying it out on a dozen of dames,
Who acknowledged that he was a bundle of flames.
As the hour drew near the betting was great—
The number of times would be marked on a slate—
'Twas a frig to a finish without a wait,
Much to the delight of Hookshop Kate.

When the clock struck ten came a breathless pause—
The shepherd entered 'mid great applause—
In front, his pants stuck out two feet
In anticipation of one real treat;
While in the chamber with curtains drawn
Was Hookshop Kate just egging him on;
Outside, the crowd decided to wait
And see what would happen to Hookshop Kate.

Outside, that night, the vigil was kept,
And not a single eye had slept;
And the moans and groans and grunts inside
Swayed the throng like an ebbing tide.
They all left marks of their butts behind,
And not one dry spot could you find—
But all sat tight to learn the fate
Of her frigging highness, Hookshop Kate.

Next morning the bookseller came with the key
To decide what the herder's fate should be.
He found the slate, as he felt in the dark—
Passed it out to the crowd to examine the mark.
They counted a hundred and sixty or more—
Then the bookseller threw wide open the door;
When the lights went on, to their surprise,
This is the sight that met their eyes:

With a happy smile, propped up in bed,
The famous Hookshop Kate was dead;
While under the bed the shepherd guy
Jacked off at the post without batting an eye;
And he murmured, at each violent jerk,
And in intervals between each squirt:
"All your hookshop cunts you can keep,
If you'll hurry me back to my lovely sheep."

AND MORE LIMERICKS

There was a young lady named Gwen,
Who went to bed with a fountain pen;
 The cap flew off,
 And the ink ran wild,
And she gave birth to a nigger child.



There was a young lady named Myrtle,
Who went to bed with a turtle;
 She had crabs, so they say,
 In nine months to the day,
Which proves that the turtle was fertile.



There was a young lady named Wilde,
Who for years remained undefiled
 Through thinking of Jesus
 And venereal diseases
And the danger of being with child.



"We'll be married in Spring," said Perse,
"And our passion 'til then we'll disburse
 With a thin piece of rubber,
 So we won't have to scrub 'er,
And, of course, there's no harm to rehearse."



There was a young lady from Gloucester
Whose people thought that they'd lost her,
 But they found on the grass
 The marks of her ass
And the knees of the guy that had crossed her.



There was a young plumber named Lee,
Was plumbing his girl by the sea;
 Said the girl, "Stop your plumbing,
 I hear someone coming."
"Ah, ha!" said the plumber, "that's me!"

There was an old girl in Exeter
Who loved to nibble a peter;
 She often would say
 'Tis easy this way;
Besides, I think it's much neater.



There was a young man from Toulouse,
Who once tried to bugger a goose;
 But the cunning old bird
 Plugged his ass with a turd,
And said, "My young man, what's the use?"



There was a young man from Lightun
Who thought that he'd found a tightun;
 Said he, "Oh, my love,
 It fits like a glove";
She said, "Yes, but it's not in the rightun."



There was a young man of Tagore
Who had just an inch, nothing more;
 'Twas all right for keyholes
 And little girls' peeholes,
But no so good for a whore.



There was a young lady of Ipswith
Took grain to the mill to get grist with,
 But the miller's son Jack
 Put her on her back,
And united the things that they pissed with.



There was a maid of Duluth,
A striver and seeker for truth;
 This pretty young wench,
 Was an adept at the French
And believed all else was uncouth.



There was a young couple from Maine,
Had nothing but "pash" on the brain,
 One night in a fit
 He dove in her slit
And now she's a four-legged jane.



A young lady once went to Clyde
Without a ticket to ride;
 She informed the conductor,
 Who immediately fucked 'er
And gave her two dollars beside.



There was a young man from Cohose,
Who frigged himself with his toes;
 He did it so neat,
 He got stuck on his feet
And called them Violet and Rose.



There was a man from Ecuador,
Went to bed with a bally whore;
 Got up in the dark
 And was heard to remark,
"I hired a twat, not a corridor."



There was a young man from Bombay
Who fashioned a twat out of clay;
 The heat from his dick
 Turned the twat into brick
And it wore all his foreskin away.



There was a young maid from Lott
Who wished she had teeth in her twatt;
 Just think, said she,
 How nice it would be
To keep all the pricks that I gott.

There was a young lady from Mauritius
Thought that fucking was very delicious;
But she said, "I opine,
"We must stop for a time;
That spot on your dick looks suspicious."



There was a young lady from Spitzbergen
Whose parents thought that she was a virgin;
But they found her in bed
With her twat very red,
And the head of a baby emergin'.



There was a young man from Bombay
Who buggered his father one day,
And said, "I'd much rawther
To bugger me fawther;
He's clean, and don't awsk any pay."



There was an esthetic young miss
Who thought that the acme of bliss
Was to fuck herself silly
With the stem of a lily,
Then sit on a sunflower and piss.



There was a young curate from Eltem,
Who never fucked girls but he'd felt 'em;
In lanes he would linger
While playing stink-finger,
And smiled with delight as he smelt 'em.



There was a young lady from Leath,
Who used to skin jocks with her teeth;
It wasn't for pleasure
She adopted this measure,
But to get the cheese underneath.

There was an old man in St. Paul
Who claimed he had but one ball;
 But two sons of bitches
 Took down his britches,
And found he had no balls at all.



There was a young girl from Silesia,
Who said, "If my twat don't please ya,
 If you don't mind.
 You can try my behind,
But be careful my tapeworm don't seize ya."



There was a young girl from Kilkenny,
Who would give you a jazz for a penny,
 And for one penny more
 You could go up the back door,
Which, of course, was enjoyed by quite many.



There was an old man from Goditch
Had the "gon," the "syph" and the itch;
 His name was MacNabs,
 And he also had crabs,
The dirty old son of a bitch.



There was a young girl from Nestor
Who said to the man who undressed her,
 "If you don't mind
 You'd better try my behind,
My front is beginning to fester!"



There was an old man named Dave
Who screwed a dead whore in a cave;
 When asked if ashamed
 He said, "I can't be blamed;
Just think of the money I saved."

Index Your Favorites Here

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Index Your Favorites Here

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